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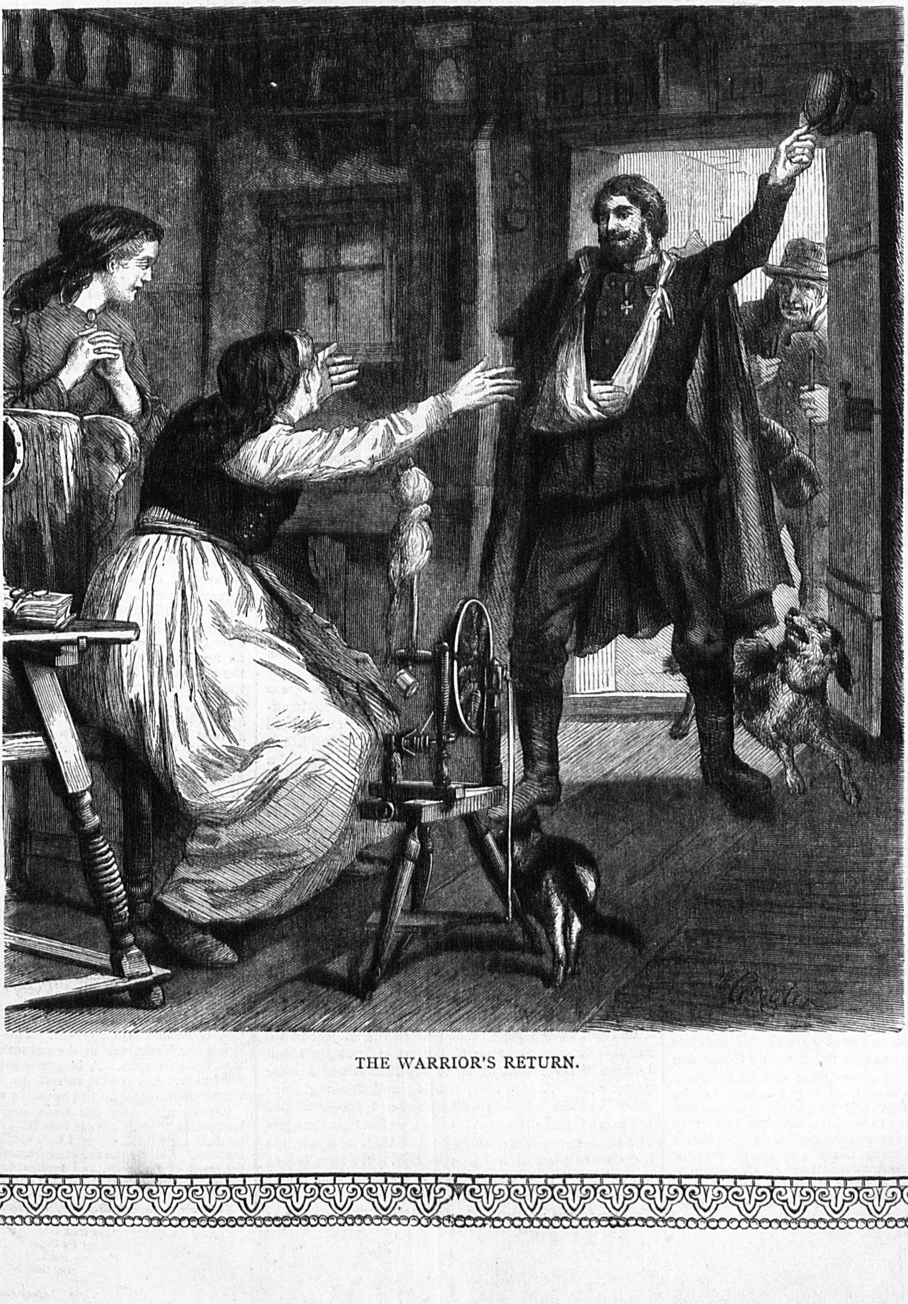

THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

ENGLISH BEET-SUGAR.

We are a manufacturing people, and we ought to adapt our limited breadth of land to the production of such raw material to the hands of the manufacturer as cannot be brought across sea with advantage. We are also a meat-eating people, liking our own stock better than any that comes from foreign lands, and depending upon our dairies for some of our chief and most largely consumed luxuries. The whole tendency of experience and speculation in agricultural matters during the last half century points to the conclusion that our farmers should, in the main, confine their attention to the breeding and rearing of stock, and the cultivation of crops that may be operated upon at once by labour and machinery on the spot.

We look, therefore, with great hope upon the movement, growing stronger every day, whose object is to induce our agriculturists to grow sugar-beet and our manufacturers to convert it into sugar. The excellence of sugar made from beet needs no further proof. In this kingdom every year we consume beet-root sugar to the value of from three to four millions sterling, and it labours under no sort of disadvantage in comparison with cane-sugar. We cannot grow the sugar-cane in this climate, and we cannot make beet-sugar unless we cultivate the root at home; for to transport the crop from foreign fields would spoil the article, and altogether introduce such unfavourable conditions as to render the business impracticable. But only grow the beet on our own acres, and build a sugar factory on the estate, and three things have been done eminently calculated to make us satisfied with ourselves and to promote our prosperity. The three things are these:—The farmer will have grown a profitable crop; employment for the people and a paying trade will have been introduced in the shape of a sugar factory; and when the sugar has been extracted from the beet there will be a large residue of pulp which forms a most excellent fattening food for cattle.

The farmer will want proof to begin with. Beet that is good for sugar-making may be grown at from twenty to thirty-five tons per acre, and will realise at the factory twenty shillings per ton. The leaves and tops left on the land form a good manure; and one-fourth of the weight of beet comes back from the factory in the shape of pulp, worth twelve shillings per ton for feeding purposes. That is the farmer's case. Then we have the sugar-making works in the midst of the agricultural district, providing employment for the labourers and their families in the winter months, when farm-work slackens; and here, if we may trust a mass of very clear figures before us, a splendid profit may be made, in manufacturing sugar for the people of this kingdom, who consume no less than forty-eight pounds per head per annum, at a cost of £16,000,000 sterling. By abundant evidence our soil and climate are specially favourable for the cultivation of sugar-beet; and no one will doubt the faculty of Englishmen to convert the raw crop into sugar as cleverly, as expeditiously, and as profitably as any race of manufacturers in the world.

Of course a company has been formed to encourage the growth of sugar-beet and to establish factories. We should have but little faith in the apostles of the new trade if they did not start a company and raise capital for the purpose of putting their plans to the test. The Beet-Root Sugar Company goes in for a capital of £200,000; for a large sum will be needed to establish factories in the various districts more favourable for the growth of this crop. It is a very practical and business-like company, with a board of directors composed chiefly of great sugar importers, sugar refiners, and Brazilian merchants of London and Liverpool. The Beet-Root Sugar Company will, no doubt, know very well how to take care of itself, to make its case known to men of business, and to inspire capitalists with confidence. If beet-sugar making is likely to be a good thing for this country—and we believe it is—we are not afraid that either capitalists or manufacturers will be hard to move in the business. The chief labour in store for those whose interest and exertions have been enlisted in the movement will be that of convincing the farmers, and inducing them to introduce this change in their routine of crops. But we do not think this work will be so difficult as it would have been a generation or two ago. There is a growing feeling among the agriculturists of England that some alteration must take place in the cultivation of the soil of this kingdom. The first step in the direction of a better state of things is the increase of stock-keeping. There is hardly a county now where cattle will thrive whereof the farmers do not look more and more favourably upon stock. To the introduction of manufactories into the midst of agricultural districts they will very soon become converted, seeing that it will tend to prevent their labourers from wandering away from their villages in search of better wages in the towns. The factory work will be chiefly such as any labourer can easily learn to perform, and our peasantry will be glad to have the employment and the better earnings brought to their doors instead of leaving the fresh air and the old associations of the country to seek what at the best is but a slight increase of pay, in dingy towns where they can only find dark unwholesome houses to live in.

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

The three sketches which we give on page 308 are intended to show not only the position and character of the Thames Embankment, but the manner of laying out the ornamental grounds which, for the most part, form a portion of the soil reclaimed from the old bed and foreshore of the river.

A day will come by and by when only a few of us will be left to tell the story of what the river Thames was before the making of this embankment. It was a wretched gutter. There stood Somerset House, and the Temple Stairs, and the Charing-cross Pier; and there indeed were many of the finest and most memorable of the structures of London, looking down upon a lazy stream moving between wide flats of mud. Somerset House dipped its fair feet in the filth. The Thames was a dirty receptacle for refuse running along the back doors of Fleet-street and the Strand. If anyone wonders why this most obvious and necessary work was not carried out before, he ought, perhaps, to be reminded that London had been talking of this job for more than two hundred years. The great Sir Christopher Wren suggested the building of an embankment immediately after the Great Fire of London in 1666. That would have been a most opportune time for such an undertaking. The foulness of the old city had brought the penalty of the plague upon the inhabitants, and the river had done its share in the general pollution. The Thames water washed over too wide an area, and deposited instead of carrying away rubbish. The thing needed was to dam the stream into a narrower compass, between strong walls, compelling it to move more rapidly and in a heavier body. That has been done now, and the active waters scour their own beds. Had this been carried out a couple of hundred years ago the population of this metropolis, through many generations, would have been spared much sickness and suffering. A bill was, indeed, carried through Charles the Second's Parliament for that purpose, but a hundred years passed over and nothing was done. We have always been a slow people in such matters, and our hands have generally been full of political difficulties. Moreover, we have had in our history but very few vigorous Governments. One of the few was that of the Commonwealth, which found time, during a period of unexampled political trial, to order and to see to the making of the first great embankment in England—that of Romney Marsh, by which nearly half a million acres of fens and morass were recovered and added to our small wealth of soil. The Prince of Orange, though coming from a country which has set the world an example in the reclamation of land, did not promote the embanking of the Thames; for at the end of a hundred years after the Great Fire we find Mr. Gwynn submitting to Parliament another and a more extended plan, which led to nothing. Then again, in 1824, Colonel French laid a scheme before a large public meeting in London, and promoted a company to carry it out. Fortunately that was abandoned; for it could only have been accomplished by the establishment of a system of tolls, of which there have been enough in this city. We next come to times within living memory. Parliamentary committees on the subject began to be appointed about thirty years ago. The foundation stone of the Northern Embankment was laid in 1864, and the same ceremony was performed with regard to the southern side in 1866. Two years later portions of the Embankment on either side were opened for public traffic.

The work was carried out rapidly enough once it was commenced. It was a stupendous undertaking, encountering enormous unforeseen difficulties; but the progress of the works never seemed to slacken. Had the Embankment been begun by Sir Christopher Wren he would have taken ten years to do less than we accomplished in two, and would not have made of it so substantial a job; for some of these foundations would not have been possible to the engineer of two centuries ago. And what is more extraordinary even than the making of the Embankment is the fact that beneath the crown of that noble road thus reclaimed from the mud of the Thames are carried at once the main sewers of London and the rolling stock and passengers of the Metropolitan District Underground Railway. The ornamental grounds shown in our sketches are being laid out with much taste. They will render this part of the river charming to those who sail upon its waters, and cause the Embankment to be one of the finest public promenades of the kind in the world.

IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON.

Old and worn beyond precedent as the subject is, we are always glad to listen to the latest gossiper about London if he has anything to say that is not a mere parrot echo. Almost every reading and thinking Englishman of the age has walked about Fleet-street and the Strand, and discoursed to his friends of his thoughts and impressions there, and we think that, as a rule, his friends are pleased to listen to him. We have before us the gossip of a visitor from Blackburn, who, under the head of "A Sunday in London," thus chats with his friends, the readers of the *Blackburn Times*, on what he saw and what recollections the scenes awakened in his mind:—

> Before quitting the Temple we take care to see Goldsmith's tomb, which lies in the graveyard north of the church choir. His great contemporary and friend, Johnson, lived at No. 1 here, for several years. We now proceed into Fleet-street, to a chop-house close by Bolt-court, which court also was a residence of Johnson. After an excellent dinner we sally forth towards Westminster. Fleet-street abounds in houses and courts, in which have lived some of our greatest poets and men of literature. Just here, under the very shadow of Temple Bar, poor, brave Defoe was put into the pillory, while a brutal rabble mocked and scoffed him. What an army of Man Fridays would now come to his defence! How many thousands of the boys of England would rush to the rescue of their pet—the author of "Robinson Crusoe"! It is just a hundred years since the last traitor's head, stuck on a pike, was seen over the archway of the bar there. A short distance in the Strand is the church of St. Clement Danes, built from a design of Sir Christopher Wren. A church stood on the site when the Danes invaded Britain. We have heard psalm tunes on a summer evening, from the bells in the steeple. On arriving at the Adelphi we turn aside for a peep at old Savoy Chapel. Its graveyard is always neatly kept, and quiet and peaceful in appearance. We are quickly at Charing Cross. The statue of Charles I., which stands at the top of Whitehall, was ready for erection when Cromwell came into power. It was sold to be broken up for old metal, but the buyer secreted it, and made a handsome thing of it when the Second Charles ascended the throne.
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> We hurry down Whitehall; the two mounted Life Guards, under the porches, sit in their saddles as stiff as wax-work. We are seated in the Abbey ten minutes before three o'clock. An eminent French author says that Cathedrals are the books of our forefathers: the heart must express itself, and so upreared these grand memorials. As we lift our eyes aloft and around, we feel there is truth in this; strength and simplicity, majesty and tenderness are here. There is a large attendance, the choir is full, as well as the north end of the transept. The Dean takes his text from Revelation, 1st chapter, 10th verse—"I was in the spirit in the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice as of a trumpet." In picturesque language we have a brief description of the lonely isle of Patmos, with some remarks upon its inhabitant, St. John the Divine. He expatiates upon the spirit's work, and its universal need; he also refers to France, denounces the wickedness of Paris, and sees in its present condition the hand of an avenging God. But the diction is more choice, and the style more rhetorical, than that we heard in the Temple Church. The elocution, however, does not correspond. We are sorry the worthy Dean retains the conventional monotony of tone so much used in the Establishment; we invariably feel half frozen over the moment it strikes our ear. As we retire by the west door, we notice, among the many creditable works of sculpture, one on the south side of the nave which is perfectly hideous; it is a resurrection, or something of the kind, with clouds in tinted stone. The idea is absurd. We cannot see Dickens's tomb to-day; but we may say that during the week we paid a visit to the Abbey to see it. It is a plain, slate slab, laid level with the floor, without a line of ornament, or fussy epitaph; merely the name, and, we think, the dates of his birth and death, cut and filled in with yellow metal.

AN INDEPENDENT MEMBER.

There is a good deal of talk in London about Colonel Tomline, M.P. for Grimsby, since the gallant gentleman ran a muck against the lawyer county members, and tried his strength with the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the question of the compulsory minting of silver. We are not going to say all we know or have heard about Colonel Tomline, because that would fill a respectably sized book; but a few leading facts and characteristics may be interesting. The gallant Colonel is an elderly bachelor, almost a giant in size, and of great personal strength. His eccentricities afford topics of conversation in the neighbourhood of his various country seats from the time of one visit till the next. His wealth is so enormous that many have called him "the richest commoner in England." He thinks nothing of buying up a country gentleman's mansion and grounds and converting the house into a shooting box. His game preserves are vast colonies of wild and half tame animals. Having bought the land and manor of a vast estate stretching for many miles along one bank of the river Orwell, and purchased as much adjoining property as he could find sellers of, he has recently disputed the acts of the Harwich Harbour Conservancy Board in their exertions to preserve and improve the entrance and roads of Harwich Harbour, and in an arbitration he has gained more than £2,000 compensation, with between £2,000 and £3,000 costs, for relinquishing a strip of foreshore of the most wretched barren sand and his rights to sand that may possibly be reclaimed. He used to be known as a Liberal in politics, but he joined the "Cave of Adullam" during the great reform struggle of 1866, and he has since then been a nondescript as far as party is concerned. In religion he is understood to belong to an advanced philosophical school. He is a great lover of art and art treasures, and has in his mansions splendid picture galleries, wherein may be found some individual paintings worth the price of an estate.

MONTBELIARD CASTLE.—Montbéliard Castle is a small walled town near Belfort. It is prettily situated in the valley of the Allan and the Luzine. The most conspicuous building is the chateau, of which we give an illustration on another page. It is situated on a commanding height, and is very effective in the landscape. The greater part is a modern construction of the last century, flanked by ancient round towers. It is now converted into a prison. This town has to boast of being the birthplace of the naturalist, Geo. Cuvier, who was born in 1769. A bronze statue of him, by David d'Angers, has been raised to his memory by his countrymen opposite the house in which he was born.

A FRIEND, knowing that I was in great pain from lumbago, brought me a bottle of your Pain Killer. I had been so bad for eight days that I thought I should have had to give up my business. I sat by the fire at night, and had it well rubbed into the small of my back, and took a dose. The relief was so prompt and effectual that I intend never to be without a supply.
H. J. SMITH.
Salisbury Cottage, Rodney-row, Walworth, May, 1871.—To Perry Davis & Son.

COUNTRY LIFE.

"COUNTRY LIFE," on a sudden, are words full of a new meaning. They have stood for almost anything with us through a long succession of weeks. They have sent us on many a search through the provincial journals for a fresh supply of odd items. They have carried all manner of references to views and sketches which our artist has forced upon our attention. They have drawn us into reminiscences of many a common and uncommon aspect of the current of business and pleasure, in the counties far and near that seem to lie packed with more or less density round the capital. How is it that to-day we can hardly make the phrase suggest anything else to our minds than thoughts of green slopes on which to lie down and read and doze and dream; of meadows where the long grass shadows the face; of thickets where one hangs on a broken bough, or finds a flat-sided beech to lean against; of corn-fields to roam through; of country gardens to pick fruit in; of the quiet inn, covered with trailing plants, in whose secluded parlour may be invoked the spirit of Bass or Allsopp; of river-side, of sea-side, of the sailing boat cutting through the spray? Oh, sweet country life! The love of it comes back sometimes with a power not to be controlled. We keep away from it, and know it only in memory for a season, and are consoled by the excitement, the high-wrought vitality, the art, the very inspiration of business in the great capital—but an hour comes when impatience sets in, and the desire to be away becomes an irritability, and almost an illness.

Oh for the grassy slope and the little volume of light literature to-day! Far overhead the great elm in its prime of deep summer green. Sheep on the upland beyond the valley. Fresh running water over stones and round little islets deep down below. Morning, noon, or eve, it matters not. Time has no duties; the stage of the sun's journey is the signal of no claims. There is a way of looking at those conditions as if they were of little account, but they seem to us at this moment priceless. And let the entertainment be varied next day with a sail. Is it not maddening to think of the ploughing-up of the sunny sea with our little prow? Give us for a moment the flavour of the spray in our faces. Give us once again the matchless exhilaration when the swift running of the craft makes the hot air cool, while the salt water dances within two inches of our lounge. Golden hours are these of the season at which we have arrived, and the thought of the joys that are far away leaves us little of the old patience to deal with the ordinary things that ask for notice in this column.

Is there any reader who does not remember the hours spent in a quiet cove, where the shore is golden sand, where the cliffs mount straight behind, and where the waters have washed up to his feet and run back with a sound for which, dumb and methodless as it is, he would barter just now all the finest music of the operas, the concerts, and the oratorios? We enjoy these delights of nature when we are young, but as we grow older our love grows into a passion, and long separation becomes a pain. To lie through the best part of a long day on the sand, under such shade as may be possible, and to toss little handfuls of pebbles till there seems to be another sea seething under the stones on which we are reclining: this seems at times to be the acme of human felicity.

These are not always the forms and figures which present themselves when we begin to discourse of country life, but such are the incoherent forces which seem struggling for expression on this burning July day. We must tear ourselves for the time away from these thoughts and see if the old subject will not consent to be viewed under another aspect or two.

ADVANCED POLITICS.

Many readers of newspapers will remember that, a few months ago, a difference of opinion arose among the members of the society known as the Labour Representation League, on the question of the dowry to the Princess Louise. In the Midland Counties the branch society pronounced against the dowry; but the central association in London refused to ratify the expression of the branch. The society appears to be similarly divided on the subject of Republicanism.

One day this week the Birmingham branch of the Labour Representation League held a discussion meeting on "Monarchy *versus* Republicanism." Three or four speakers on each side addressed themselves to the subject with a good deal of vigour, but nothing very startling was said on either side. Of course the defenders of English monarchy found that we enjoyed a form of liberty more desirable than that given to any other community, and the usual objections were urged against the Swiss and the American republics. A Mr. Cattell, on the Republican side, enlarged on the miseries and inequalities which exist in this country, but he was met by accounts of similar anomalies even in the United States. Mr. Cattell made use of the following not wholly new illustration of his position:—

> Talking of Switzerland, he called to mind a story which told how, once on a time, a bear was kept in that country, who, being dangerous to his keepers, had his claws cut. He was very carefully kept, and punctually fed. It happened somehow that he died, and the people could not find another bear to put into his place. But, by and by, some thinking person saw that the sun got up every day pretty much as usual, and that the corn went on ripening, and he asked was it absolutely necessary, since this was the case, to have a bear. So, the thing being put to the vote, it was unanimously resolved to do without a bear, and to save the expense of keeping him.

Mr. Cattell's leading ideas were that:—

> The tendency of a monarchy was to put man in the rear and to give the front to property; whilst a republic put man to the front and made property a secondary consideration. . . . Every principle of political economy made it impossible to conduct public affairs inexpensively in connection with a monarchy.

Another Republican speaker, Mr. Bruce, grew quite hot on the subject of the existence of so much misery and want by the side of wealth, and asked:—

> Could any one point him to any country under the whole broad canopy of heaven where the distinction was so wide and glaring as here? They, as Republicans, had been taxed with a desire to pull down the monuments. He would set beside that a saying of General Peel's, that it was better that the Thames should run with blood than that the aristocracy should lose one of its privileges. He had been asked for a history of his Republicanism. In place of that he would speak for a moment on the origin of one Monarchy. The first king old Israel ever had was given it as a punishment. Their first king was a curse, and the continuance of kingcraft had been the continuance of the curse.

Speeches of this sort are a novelty in English political life. It remains to be seen what will be the tendency of this sort of controversy. Upon the whole the orations at this meeting were poor and common-place; but such assemblies are getting common throughout the country, and they deserve attention. The manner in which the subject was handled reminds us that there is in existence no first-rate historic text-book, demonstrating with freshness and originality the real and peculiar advantages which belong to the English form of limited monarchy.

WHAT IS WORTH READING?

One, Dr. Antliff, of the Theological Institute, Sunderland, has been delivering a lecture at Blackburn, on the "Signs of the Times," in which he has expressed a few rather startling opinions on matters of literature. He told his hearers that:—

> He found a great deal of superficiality, a great deal of varnishing and veneering, of sham, masquerading, pretentiousness, pigmies dressed up as if they were extraordinary great men. He found a great deal of that in the public press, in newspapers, and in magazines such as *Cornhill*, *St. James's*, *Temple Bar*, and in such papers as the *London Journal*, *Family Herald*, and so on; little fry trying to make a big show when it would take 100 of them to make an inch.

Having eased his mind of his opinion of the unfortunate gentlemen who write in the newspapers and in those magazines, he set to work to point out the authors to be read and the authors to be avoided. Both lists will be found in the following extract:—

> Let them read the works of South, Jeremy Taylor, Howe, Baxter, and of Bunyan. Surely he who studied twelve years in gaol and came out a scholar was worth reading in every age, seeing that his book had converted many hundreds to God. Take Thackeray, Disraeli, Bulwer Lytton, and Dickens (though he was the best of them); take them as a body, what they had written was never worth the reading, and if they had never lived and wrote at all the world would not be much the loser.

This is a fair challenge. Jeremy Taylor and Howe against Thackeray and Disraeli; Baxter and Bunyan against Lytton and Dickens. Would the learned Doctor kindly tell us what, in his opinion, must be in a book to render it worth reading? By what test does he try these famous authors? If he means that a useful book must be a religious book, it would be simpler and more frank to say so at the outset, and then he need not take the trouble to draw these invidious comparisons. We should then know for ourselves how to choose a work. If it bore the character more or less of a sermon we might read it; if not, cast it aside as worthless. Since, however, he lays down no such rule, but deals in this off-hand way with names, he provokes retort, and one is bound to tell him that, in the judgment of those who know how to judge of literary work, his own four men bear no comparison with the four with whom he has contrasted them. Neither Taylor nor Howe, Baxter nor Bunyan, could have held parley with Thackeray for knowledge of the human heart and its struggles; not one of them can match with Dickens for sympathy with the miserable and unfortunate, and the four put together never did more real good in the world than did the works of the author of "Oliver Twist." Such a statement, however, would probably astonish Dr. Antliff, who views all things from the narrow platform of the pulpit to which he is attached. He is, perhaps, not a cruel man; yet we think it would need a bitter and morose misanthropist to rob so many thousands of men, women and children, of the pure happiness they have enjoyed and will for many an age enjoy in the reading of the works of the four benighted authors whose books, Dr. Antliff thinks, were never worth reading.

HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

There are towns in England where the agitation for a more or less complete separation of Ireland from England may be discussed by Irishmen in the midst of bands of warm English sympathisers. Birmingham is one of these happy centres. There, this week, has Mr. Isaac Butt discoursed on "Home Rule for Ireland" to a very large and a rapturously cheering audience. We propose to pick a few passages from his very explanatory oration:—

> People spoke of union between England and Ireland as if it was as sacred and ancient as the English Constitution. Seventy years ago England had a Parliament, managing English affairs and the affairs of the whole empire except the internal affairs of Ireland. Ireland also had her own Parliament, not interfering in imperial affairs, but a local parliament. That arrangement could not last, for as long as Ireland was excluded from all share in imperial concerns, the Irish people were discontented. They had no voice in questions of peace and war, and no share in the administration of the colonies. He referred to the prosperity of Ireland between 1781 and 1800, observing that the true solution of the difficulty would have been, not to take from Ireland her own Parliament for the conduct of Irish affairs, but to establish one Imperial Parliament that would have managed the general affairs of the three countries, leaving to England her own Parliament to manage her own affairs, and to Ireland her Parliament for the management of her affairs. That was all the people of Ireland now asked for, with a unanimity never before known.
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> They would have one common sovereign, one common Parliament, providing for all matters that affected the three countries. When they came, however, to purely local matters, Englishmen could not legislate for Ireland any more than Irishmen could legislate for Englishmen. Irish members rarely voted upon any question except to keep in or turn out a Government. By such a system England suffered as much as Ireland.
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> A dead-lock had arisen in English legislation. What measures had been passed in this session? Why? Because for two sessions the whole course of English legislation had been blocked up by Irish affairs, which would have been far better managed by the Irish themselves.
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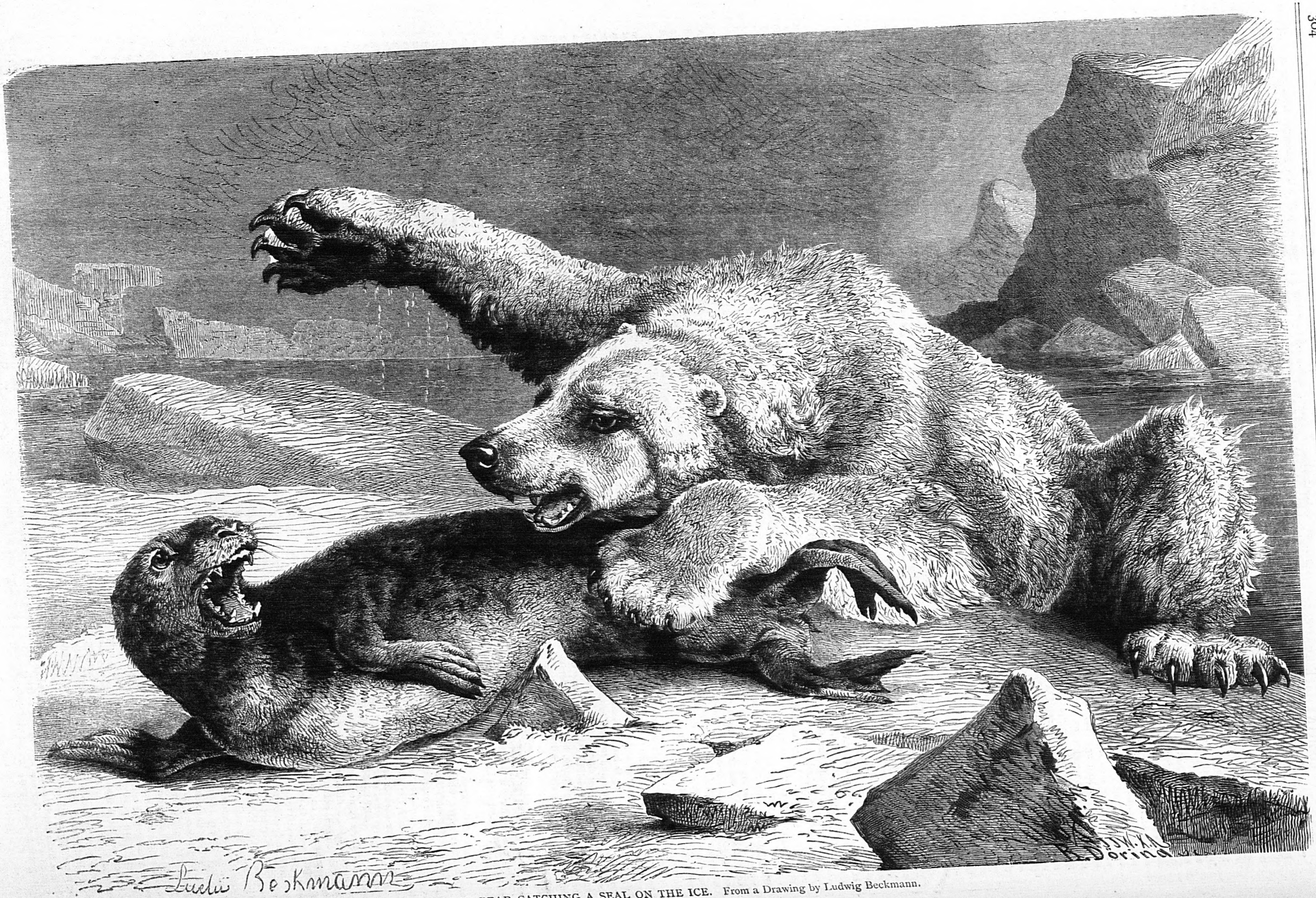
> This was the principle of federation. Was it a new one? It had been adopted with remarkable success by the two greatest Republics in the world—the United States of America—and in another Republic, which, though small in population and resources, was as great as the United States in all that was of real value to man—the Swiss Confederation. The latter combined together in one common union, Protestant, Catholic, and Lutheran Cantons, and it was rich in nothing but the bravery of its men, who had defied all Europe when it was invaded. He might refer to history, and tell them that wherever two countries so circumstanced had been united into one state, for purposes of external defence, each with its own laws, confederation had been the common result. The same experiment had been successfully tried with the British provinces of North America, now united into one dominion, with one Parliament at the capital to legislate for all things which concerned the whole of the colonies, but each colony having a Parliament to legislate in matters which related to themselves. Wherever they had given to their colonies free Parliaments of this kind, they had added to the peace, tranquillity, prosperity, and loyalty of those colonies. Why should not the same experiment be tried in Ireland?

Some of these explanations place the last Irish movement perhaps in a new light before many readers. A great many Englishmen, in all parts of the country, will thank us for quoting the following speech of Mr. George Dawson, delivered at this meeting after the Irish patriot had sat down:—

> Mr. G. Dawson said as a matter of common courtesy he could not see how Englishmen could refuse to be present that night to hear the sentiments of an Irish gentleman in whom his countrymen placed so thorough a trust, and who came forward to put in a plea for justice on behalf of his fellow-countrymen. If he differed from Mr. Butt, he should still have been present; but when Mr. Butt came to their own doors and pleaded, not for charity, but for justice, it was only an act of a true patriot to show him common justice and courtesy. Mr. Butt came amongst them at a time when the question which he advocated was not fashionable, and they all knew when a question was not fashionable it was not very cordially embraced. When such questions were being discussed in their earlier stages, it was not enough, as Mr. Butt would tell them, to cry "Shame." They should endeavour to agree as to the points at issue. Irishmen must not believe that all their troubles had dropped down from a Saxon thunder-cloud, for if they believed that, they were bigger fools than anyone would take them to be, and those who would persuade them that such was the case were bigger knaves. There were certain things of which Mr. Butt had reminded them; but Mr. Butt himself might be told of sins of omission which he would tell them of with plainness and fearlessness. He recollected the first toast he proposed when a young man was, "British rights to Irish subjects." It was a very pithy way of putting the question, but it was the principle he had ever since held. He had mixed much with Irishmen, and had been in nearly every part of Ireland. He had not always spoken quite agreeably to Irish feelings. He recollected, in Dublin, his allusions to Queen Elizabeth, with which some of his hearers did not altogether agree. But when they taunted him, he stuck to his statements, and, Irishman-like, they admired English pluck; and, though they might have considered him misguided, allowed, in a great measure, the justice of his remarks. They had heard of Irish melodies; he had heard them sung by Irish girls—rather a dangerous thing for Englishmen—but he escaped the danger, and came home. He remembered, however, the pleasing peril and fascination connected with a visit to what was known as the "Blarney Stone," the kissing of which he confessed to having done, though not at the same time having derived much benefit therefrom. Without any flattery, they could hold out the hand of friendship to Mr. Butt, and he advised Irishmen to think less of "Brian Borou" and other things which seemed very lively in poetry, but very stupid in argument, and attend more to that which was to the interest of their country. There would then be less heard of the ugly traditions of the past, and no more of misgovernment and injustice.

ENCAMPMENT OF CHESHIRE VOLUNTEERS.—On another page we give an illustration of the encampment of Cheshire Volunteers, which was celebrated a few weeks ago near the good old city of Chester. Our sketch was taken on the spot, and represents the volunteers in half-dress, explaining their ways and means of preparing food on the tented field.

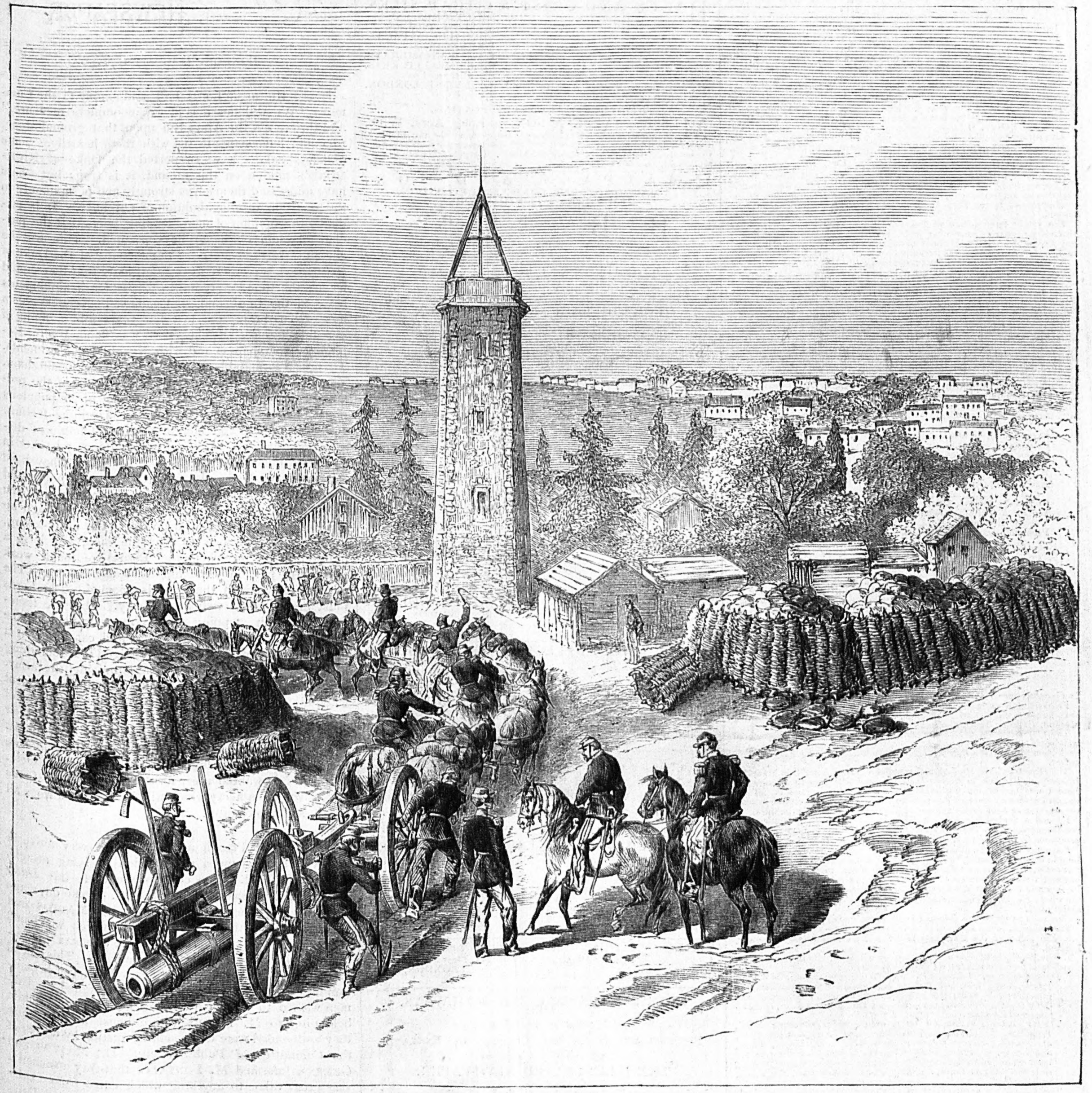
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Weak Stomachs.—The wisest cannot enumerate one tithe of the distressing symptoms arising from enfeebled digestion, all of which may be readily dispelled by these admirable Pills. They remove all unpleasant tastes from the mouth, as also flatulency and constipation. Holloway's Pills rouse the stomach, liver, and every other organ to that healthy tone of digestion which fully enables the stomach to convert all food and drink to the nourishment of the body. Hence these Pills are the surest strengtheners and the safest restoratives in nervousness, wasting, and chronic debility. Holloway's Pills are infallible remedies for impaired appetite, eructations, and a multitude of other disagreeable symptoms, which render miserable the lives of thousands. Their virtues are known by all classes.



A POLAR BEAR CATCHING A SEAL ON THE ICE. From a Drawing by Ludwig Beckmann.

THE EXPLOSION AT VINCENNES.

WRITING on Saturday night a Paris correspondent says:—"Paris seems doomed to a life of sensation. We had another great explosion yesterday at Vincennes, though without the terrible loss of life which distinguished the affair of the Avenue Rapp. It was not indeed with one explosion that we were visited, but with a whole series, extending over about twelve hours—from half-past one on Friday afternoon, to two on Saturday morning. It is said that the first explosion was very distinctly heard in Paris. It may have been so, but it escaped me, as I happened to be in the neighbourhood of Mont Valérien, which is quite on the other side. At half-past four, however, I was away to the south, riding past Montrouge. I heard a loud detonation, turned round, and saw a very grand sight—a mysterious column of white vapour shooting up into the sky, spreading out overhead, and forming the image of a gigantic mushroom in the air. I have called this a grand sight, and perhaps the term is justifiable by reason of the startling sensation produced by such a novelty, connecting itself with sublime imaginations of Eastern Genii released in the form of vapour from kettles in which they had been imprisoned, and with pictures of famous waterspouts and volcanic eruptions. But after all the sight was rather curious than grand. It was odd to see this great mushroom springing up over the earth, and rising up higher and higher, as if it would never cease growing. What could it be? When I returned to Paris I heard the wildest reports. One was that the Prussians were blowing up one after another the forts which they were evacuating. Another was that the Prussian and French troops had come into collision in the neighbourhood of Vincennes, and were fighting a great but somewhat incoherent battle. There were many other suggestions. The truth is, that a large depository of cartridges, bombs, and case-shot had taken fire and was exploding. The building was not far from the donjon of Vincennes, and a few hundred metres from the Polygon. It is described here as a cartridge manufactory, and as a fusee factory. It may have once been used as such, but not lately. It was used latterly for a storehouse—a storehouse, however, in which some slight works might be conveniently carried on. Hither all the ammunition of the Commune was carted, much of it antiquated and henceforth useless. It is calculated that about 500 cartloads of cartridges had been deposited here, together with 7,000 or 8,000 shells, bombs, and case-shot—all the pyrotechnic waste of the Commune, mixed up, no doubt, with a good deal of valuable material. It was the business of the workmen in charge of this storehouse, or series of storehouses, to divide the ammunition, the good from the bad. The work was apparently being done with great care; the cartridges as they arrived being generally rendered useless by copious applications of water. It was in the particular building where water was most used and least care seemed to be needed that the explosion occurred. On a heap of damped cartridges the workmen were in the act of casting a fresh barrowload, when the lieutenant in command perceived a spark in the midst of the projectiles. 'There is not a moment to lose,' he cried; 'run for your lives.' All, or nearly all, departed, and the explosion took place very shortly afterwards. The building took fire, and there was explosion after explosion, as compartment after compartment gave way. Also there was, as it were, an incessant musketry fire, the cartridges, and whole boxes of cartridges, going off in succession. The case shot flew far and wide as it exploded, and going over the ground to-day I found crowds of people picking up stray bullets and fragments of shell about 600 or 700 yards from the factory. At midnight the powder magazine exploded, and at two in the morning there was yet another event of the same kind; but all, even now, is not regarded as safe, for the public is kept as far as possible from the building by a strong line of soldiers. The effects of the concussion were felt very far. All around for nearly a mile the glass of the windows was broken, doors shut with a bang, and loose furniture fell with a smash. The loss of life, however, is much less than was at first supposed. It is curious to hear of the bullets flying about like hail, and yet with so little damage to life. It is quite understood here that the explosion was accidental."



THE LATE PARIS REVOLUTION: BATTERY AT MOULIN DE PIERRE.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE.—The *Karlsruhe Gazette* says that the success of the French Loan and the boasting tone recently assumed by the French papers have quite turned the heads of many persons belonging to the lowest class of workmen in the towns of Upper Alsace. At Mülhausen on Sunday week the mob in the streets even assumed a threatening attitude towards the military, and a former Zouave who attempted to wrest a musket from the hands of the patrol was fired at. He died of his wounds in the hospital. At his funeral an attempt was made to get up a demonstration, but none of the better class of working men took part in it. In the same district four German officers were assaulted and had their swords taken from them, an incident which has given rise to a great many exaggerated reports. The same newspaper contains some information as to the state of affairs in French Lorraine. Its Nancy correspondent says:—"A few nights ago a Uhlan, in returning to his quarters at night, was attacked in a cowardly manner in the street, and wounded with a sword-stick. The perpetrator was not apprehended, and the immediate result was an increased strictness of the regulations and the military police. Coffee-houses and restaurants, as well as other places of public entertainment, were directed to be shut at nine o'clock, and orders were given to take into custody all persons found in the streets after ten, and remove them to prison." A letter addressed by the maire to the *Progrès de l'Est*, says:—"The Municipality has made an urgent request to the German military authority to set aside the strict police regulations enforced against the city, and the Commandant-General Von Cordemann has shown the greatest readiness to comply as far as possible with the request. There have been, however, fresh offences committed; patrols and gendarmes on duty in the streets after ten o'clock in the evening have been and are still constantly insulted, so that there is no good ground for asking a recall of the strict regulations. They must remain what they are so long as the ill-disposed continue to escape from the hands of the military authority."

THE scheme for the establishment of a bishopric for Madagascar has been revived, and it is likely that arrangements will shortly be made for the consecration of a bishop.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE GRAND SALOON
SUMMER DINING ROOMS ARE NOW OPEN.
BERTRAM and ROBERTS,
Refreshment Department.
[391

BEET-ROOT SUGAR COMPANY, Limited.—Capital £200,000, in 20,000 shares of £10 each, with power to increase. First issue, 10,000 shares; £100,000. £1 to be paid with application and £2 on allotment. Future calls not to exceed £1 each, with not less than two months' interval.

DIRECTORS.
Arnold Baruchson, Esq. (Messrs. Arnold Baruchson and Co.), Sugar Importers, Liverpool.
Rowland Cox, Esq., Brazilian Merchant, 3, Great Winchester Street Buildings, London.
Richard William Johnson, Esq., Bricklehampton Hall, Pershore.
George Martineau, Esq. (Messrs. David Martineau and Sons), Sugar Refiners, London.
Edward Moon, Esq. (Messrs. Corrie, Moon, and Co.), Colonial Brokers, London.
Henry Tate, Esq. (Messrs. Henry Tate and Sons), Sugar Refiners, Liverpool.
(With power to add to their number.)
Bankers—National Provincial Bank of England and its Branches.
Brokers—Messrs. Hill, Fawcett and Hill, 29, Threadneedle Street, London.
Solicitors—Messrs. Mackenzie, Trinder and Co., 1, Crown Court, Old Broad Street, London.
Secretary (*pro tem.*)—Mr. George Williams.
Offices—4, Great Winchester Street Buildings, London, E.C.

THIS Company is formed for the purpose of developing the products of Sugar Beet grown in the United Kingdom, in a similar manner to the industries which have for many years past been carried on, with great success, in France, Belgium, Germany, Russia, and generally on the Continent of Europe. The Beet-root will be bought from the Farmers against ready money payments, and the pulp resold to them for the feeding of cattle.

The soil and climate of the United Kingdom are in many respects superior to those of other countries, while rent, coals, and labour are on the aggregate the same. Dr. Augustus Voelcker and other scientific and experienced authorities consider that the profit on capital applied to the production of Sugar Beet in this country will be much greater than abroad.

The yearly consumption of Sugar in Great Britain and Ireland has reached 700,000 tons (exceeding 48 lbs. per head), for which we annually pay £16,000,000 Sterling; about one-fifth of which consists of raw and refined Beet Sugar imported from the Continent of Europe.

A large proportion of this annual consumption could easily be produced in this country, thereby enriching our Farmers and creating a new source of labour.

The recent reduction of duty on Sugar, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer's favourable and hopeful reference to the production of Beet Sugar in this country, promise that every facility will be rendered by the Government to encourage the new industry.

Works for the manufacture of Sugar from Beet-root have been established for some years past at Lavenham, in Suffolk, by individual enterprise, and have proved a great success. The Proprietor has met with hearty support from both Landowners and Tenant Farmers, who have testified their appreciation of the movement by INCREASING every year the acreage they sow with Beet Seed. The cultivation of the Sugar Beet specially promotes the growth of wheat and the feeding of Cattle.

The expenditure and income upon a Sugar Factory to work 20,000 tons of Beet-root per season, founded upon actual experience in works abroad, with home prices, is as follows:—

Dr.				
20,000 Tons of Root	at 20/-	£20,000	0	0
Coals and Coke Charcoal and Lime Labour and Management Bags, Bagging, and Casks Rates, Taxes, Fire Insurance, and Gas Chemicals, Grease, Oil, & Sundries	10/6 per ton.	10,500	0	0
Wear and Tear of Machinery and Buildings, 10 per cent. on £20,000		2,000	0	0
Profit, 16¾ per cent. on £40,000		6,706	5	0
		£39,206	5	0
Cr.				
1,400 Tons of Sugar at 7 per cent. average price in bond, 25/- per cwt.		£35,000	0	0
Less 2½ discount		875	0	0
		£34,125	0	0
500 Tons Molasses at 5/6 per cwt., £2,750 Less 2½ per cent. discount, £68 15s.		2,681	5	0
4,000 Tons of Pulp at 12/- nett.		2,400	0	0
Scum and other useful residue not calculated				
		£39,206	5	0

In Germany even 9 and 10 per cent. of Sugar is extracted from the root.

From reliable estimates, the Directors have ascertained the cost of one such Factory, viz.:—Land, Buildings, and Machinery, £20,000; Working Capital, £15,000; Total, £40,000.

The Capital, estimated as necessary for this purpose is £200,000, of which it is proposed the first issue shall only be £100,000, the holders of such issue to have the option of taking up the remaining capital when called.

The Directors have studied and completely investigated this branch of industry, and intend to devote their personal attention to the safe and honest working of the undertaking. They are possessed of all the detailed estimates and specifications to enable them to commence at once the erection of works upon the most modern and approved principles.

Beyond a moderate sum to be fixed in the Deed of Association, the remuneration of the Directors will be dependent upon participation in profits made after paying the Shareholders 10 per cent. on Capital.

From accurate calculations made, and judging from similar associations long in existence abroad, the Directors feel the greatest confidence that this enterprise will not only produce large dividends to the Shareholders, but will develop a source of industry of direct benefit to the Tenant Farmer and the labouring classes, giving to the latter employment during the winter months at good wages—and thus effecting a great national and social good.

There are no promotion fees or contracts made of any sort.

The following is the Memorandum of Association:—

1. The name of the Company is "The Beet-root Sugar Company, Limited."
2. The Registered Office of the Company will be situate in England.
3. The objects for which the Company is established are—
   The Purchasing, Making, and Manufacturing of Sugar, Molasses, Spirits, Pulp, Ash, and Refuse, and all other products from the growth of Beet-root, Mangold-Wurtzel, Turnips, Parsnips, or any other roots and substances producing saccharine matter, and disposing of the same.
   The purchasing, taking on lease, or otherwise acquiring Land, Buildings, and Hereditaments of Land and Hereditaments alone, and erecting thereon the necessary Buildings, Machinery, Plant, and Works, and afterwards working the same for carrying on the business and objects of the Company, and the mortgaging, selling, or leasing all such lands, Buildings, and Hereditaments, Machinery, and Plant.
   The purchasing or acquiring any Patent rights or privileges, incidental to or useful for such manufacture, or business, or any interest or licence to use the same, and the disposing of and dealing with such patent rights, privileges, interests, or licences.
   And the performance of all such other acts, matters, and things as are incidental or otherwise conducive to the attainments of such objects.
4. The liability of the Members is limited.

The Articles of Association can be seen at the Offices of the Company, or the Solicitors.

Application for Shares can be made to the Brokers, or to the Secretary, at the Offices of the Company, but must be accompanied with a cheque equivalent to £1 per Share for each share applied for, and in case any less number is allotted the balance will be retained to cover the payment due on allotments; any amount that may be over £3 on each share allotted will be returned.

Beet-root Sugar Company (Limited).
No.— Form of Application (to be retained by the bankers).
To the Directors of the Beet-root Sugar Company (Limited).

Gentlemen,—Having paid to your bankers the sum of £——, being a deposit of £1 per share, I request that you will allot me —— shares of £10 each in your Company, upon the terms of the Prospectus, and Memorandum and Articles of Association; and I hereby agree to accept the said shares, or any smaller number which you may allot to me, and I agree to make the payments thereon at the time specified in the prospectus, and to become a member of the Company, and I request you to place my name on the register of members in respect of the Shares which may be allotted to me.

I, am, Gentlemen, your obedient Servant,
Name in full ....
Address in full..................................
Date ....

OSLER'S CRYSTAL GLASS CHANDELIERS.
TABLE GLASS OF ALL KINDS.
CHANDELIERS in BRONZE and ORMOLU.
MODERATOR LAMPS and LAMPS FOR INDIA.
LONDON Show Rooms, 45, Oxford Street, W.
BIRMINGHAM Manufactory and Show Rooms, Broad Street. [374

IMPORTANT NOTICE.
J. & P. COATS, SEWING, TATTING, AND CROCHET COTTON MANUFACTURERS, PAISLEY.
Holders of Prize Medals awarded at the London and Paris Exhibitions for Excellence of Quality.

J. & P. COATS beg to call the attention of the Public to their IMPROVED BEST SOFT SEWING COTTON, which, with the view of more fully meeting the wants of Sewing Machines, they now make Six-Cord in all lengths from No. 10 to 100 inclusive.

The importance of this change will be more clearly understood when they state that in the Trade ordinary Soft Sewing Cotton, in all lengths, known as Six-Cord, is such to No. 40 only, being Four-Cord from 42 to 70, and Three-Cord above that number.

WHOLESALE AGENT—WILLIAM GILMOUR, 80, WOOD STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON. [377

BAKER AND CRISP'S CHEAP SILKS.
FANCY DRESSES.
MUSLINS, PIQUES.
PERCALES, ALPACAS.
GRENADINES.
GAZ DE CHAMBRAYS.
COSTUMES, JACKETS.
Patterns Free.
198, REGENT-ST. LONDON.
[380

CARPETS AND CARPET BEATING.
MESSRS. TYLER & SON, 1, Long Acre, W.C., Contractors to Her Majesty's Government for the supply of Carpets, Linoleum, Kamptulicon, and all descriptions of floor coverings to the Royal Palaces and Public Buildings. Carpets taken up, beaten, and relaid. Lowest Cash prices. [444

SMALPAGE AND SON,
43, MADDOX STREET, BOND STREET, LONDON.
NEW YORK: 82, FIFTH AVENUE. [425

B. BARNARDO,
76, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW,
The largest Importer and Manufacturer of FURS in Scotland. [382

THOMPSON'S KALYDOR SOAP
CONTAINS a large per-centage of GLYCERINE, in combination with other ingredients of the most emollient kind.
FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION
This Soap is invaluable. THE PERFUME IS RICH AND ENDURING. Prices 4d. and 6d. per Tablet; and in Boxes of Three Cakes, 1s. and 1s. 6d. the Box.
FACTORY: 12, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON.
Wholesale and for Exportation. [436

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—On VIEW, a magnificent marriage group of H.R.H. the PRINCESS LOUISE and the MARQUIS of LORNE, the attire being an exact facsimile of that worn in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Open (during the holidays) from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. Passengers by Metropolitan Railway stop at Baker Street Station. [445

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER
Imparts Strength to the Wrist and Forearm.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER
Will prevent Cramp in the Fingers.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER
Imparts Firmness to the Wrist.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER
Prevents Stiffness in the Joints of the Fingers.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER
Will give freedom and Elasticity to the Hand.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER
Keeps the Wrist and Hand firm.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER
Will prevent the Hand and Fingers from shaking.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER
Will keep your Hand and Wrist strong and firm.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER
Steadies the Fingers and Hand.

FOR SALE BY ALL STATIONERS.
Only 1s. 6d. each box, with 1 doz. Pens.

ISAAC JACOBS, Sole Inventor and Patentee,
153, Fleet Street,
LONDON, E.C.
[435

PICTURES ON ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

A series of Sketches of
PICTURESQUE NOOKS AND CORNERS OF ENGLAND
will shortly appear in
THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Each engraving will occupy a full page of the Paper, and be accompanied with letter-press description, including various details of interest and importance to Tourists.

THE SERIES WILL COMMENCE WITH NEW AND ORIGINAL PICTURES OF
DEVON AND CORNWALL,
Drawn by a Special Artist.

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THE London Publishing Office of this Paper is at 102, Fleet-street, where the trade can now be supplied early on Friday mornings.

COMMUNICATIONS for the Publisher should be addressed to 102, Fleet-street, London, E.C. All letters for the Editor must be addressed "Editor, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, 72, Turnmill-street, London, E.C."

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⁂ ADVERTISEMENTS cannot be received after 12 o'clock on Wednesdays.

THE Paper will be delivered to the Public by any News-agent in London or the Country, at 13s. a year; or free by post from London for 15s., prepaid.

NOTICE.

1. PORTRAITS of the PRINCESS LOUISE and the MARQUIS of LORNE.
2. THE MARRIAGE of the PRINCESS LOUISE and the MARQUIS of LORNE.
3. THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION of 1871 and the HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.

A few copies of the above Tinted Lithographs (which were issued as Supplements to the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER) can still be had on application to the Publisher, price SIXPENCE, including an ordinary number of the paper, or on Rollers (to prevent creasing) price SIXPENCE.

THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, JULY 22, 1871.

IF the House of Lords had said simply to the Commons "We will not accept an incomplete measure," and thrown out the Army Bill upon that ground alone, we could have sympathised with them heartily. Some of the speakers have supported the Duke of RICHMOND'S motion on this ground, it is true; but others have addressed themselves strongly and permanently to the question of the abolition of purchase. It is evidently the opinion of many leading peers that the purchase system ought to be continued. This will be accepted by the country as the meaning of the Duke of RICHMOND'S motion. It is unfortunate that this should be so; the time is very *mal à propos* for disagreements between the Lords and the Commons. Republicanism has grown during the last few years into a topic of general discussion. The country is flooded with Republican newspapers and with Republican sentiments. There is a formidable Republican club at Birmingham. There are affiliated branches in other parts of the provinces. There is, without doubt, in many of the populous districts in London a strong anti-monarchical feeling. It is a mistake to add fuel to this small flame of disaffection, and the Lords have made a mistake in throwing out the Army Regulation Bill. They have strengthened the hands of the GLADSTONE party, and thrown the Government in closer communion with the active Democrats of the land. We have too high an opinion of the strength and power of the order-loving, logical middle classes to fear the mob, but it is a matter for regret when the Lords are found weak enough to play into the hands of the enemy. The purchase system in the army is doomed. The Lords must know this as well as anybody. They are therefore unwise in stepping at this moment between the Democrats and their pet scheme, and especially at a time when it is universally acknowledged that something must be done in the way of reorganising the army. The *Times* has undoubtedly hit the public sentiment when it says that the Lords have made the abolition of purchase the question of the day. Officers and their eight millions have bought the army out of their hands. We are willing to pay a fair price to get it back, for we are determined to obtain possession of it once more. The Liberals wanted a cry for the vacation; the Lords have given them a cry which will be re-echoed from all quarters of the country.

SOME of the French newspapers are very active in discovering grievances upon which to hang attacks against England. The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* mentions the latest case. Some days ago the *Soir* published a letter from DE MATTOS and GREENE, Leadenhall-street, London, which was found among the papers of M. FONTAINE, who was "Directeur des Domaines" under the Commune. This official had charge of the public buildings. The letter in question informed this official that the undersigned Englishmen wished to purchase any articles they could obtain belonging to M. THIERS, whose house and furniture they understood were to be sold by auction by decree of the Committee of Public Safety. DE MATTOS and GREENE informed M. FONTAINE that they attached a very great value to anything which came from a celebrity, and they believed that the Commune of Paris could only profit by placing them immediately in a position to treat with it. The *Soir*, in publishing this letter, spoke very insultingly of "les recéleurs étrangers de la Commune," and held up the English to great contempt. It turns out, however, that a partner in the firm of DE MATTOS and GREENE happened to be in Versailles at the time when the Commune decreed the fall of M. THIERS'S house and the sale of M. THIERS'S furniture and priceless works of art. The Chief of the Executive Power was most anxious that these valuable collections should not be lost past recovery. Madame THIERS was just as anxious on the subject as her husband. The English gentleman in question was communicated to by Madame THIERS on the subject, and he consented to make an attempt to rescue some of the works of art. In order to disarm suspicion, he wrote direct to his firm in London, and asked them to make the communication which the *Soir* published with such a malicious flourish of trumpets. The *Journal Officiel* has given the outlines of this version of the story. The *communiqué* is signed by the *alter ego* of M. THIERS, who speaks of Messrs. DE MATTOS and GREENE as having acquitted themselves with entire loyalty in acting as purchasers of the effects of M. THIERS, by and with the formal consent of M. THIERS himself. We are told that this vindication of their compatriots has been received with much gratification by the English residents in Paris.

IN the midst of the alarming exhibition of incapacity on the part of Her Majesty's Government, and an almost equal want of foresight and discretion on the part of the Lords, we cannot wonder that the panic-mongers should find material for alarming the public mind. The *Morning Advertiser* points out that Germany is rapidly developing her navy. Our contemporary says that some people talk of the Emperor WILLIAM'S vast artillery preparations and improvements as precautionary in anticipation of French resistance. The *Advertiser* argues that this is absurd. Germany means work of a far different kind. The visits of princes, like those of monarchs, give no assurance of lasting amity or peace. How long was it between the friendly visit of the King of PRUSSIA to the Emperor of FRANCE and his return in arms along a path of ashes and flames? The nation asks for the substance of defence, and the Ministers give us a phantom of organisation and the substance of added taxation. There is a great deal of wisdom in warnings of this kind. We have no sympathy with those who think England would be an easy victim to a formidable alliance of foreign foes, but they ground their alarm in the fact that we have stood by during a whole year and seen a Power utterly annihilated which we thought superior to our own, and without doing one practical thing to protect ourselves from a similar catastrophe. We have continually prated about the lesson of the last great war without doing anything whatever to apply the moral. The rejection of the Army Bill may do good as well as harm. If it tends to arouse the feeling of the country in favour of an entire and complete reform of the army, and leads to the introduction of a new and satisfactory measure, we may live to thank the Lords for what they have done. At present, however, appearances are against them.

THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

WE all have our joys and our sorrows. This has been said many a time. It is true, and the greater the sorrow the greater the joy. It is a sad thing to be dragged from hearth and home to kill or be killed; but it is a glorious thing to have fought for your country, to have lived through the dangers, and to return to the old town, to the old faces, to friends, to relatives, and to the lass that was left behind. What must be the joy of a soldier after the horrors of a long war, just entering the threshold of home, like the soldier in our picture? The Perpetual Curate of Summerdale-in-the-Water when he wins the love of Ruth Oswald, in the "Valley of Poppies," thinks himself at the very tip-top of earthly happiness. "The captive when he hears the words of release; the mother who, betwixt hope and fear, watches her unconscious child, and hears the doctor say, 'There is no danger;' the sinner on the death-bed listening to the assurance of the priest that he is forgiven; the artist when his first picture is hung at the Academy; the faithful pastor when he feels that he has snatched a brother from perdition; the inventor, at the moment when science suddenly lays some great secret at his feet—take the united sensations of all these in the first pulsations of their realised hopes, and you have something approaching to the whirlpool of joy in which for a moment my soul seemed to go round and round, when Ruth Oswald lifted her face to mine, and suffered me to kiss it." This is joy, indeed; but we hold that our soldier's joy is greater even than this. It is more robust, it is healthier, it is grander. All little family quarrels of the past are forgotten in the outburst of affection, and the welcome home is a golden day that begins another life of concord and goodwill. How many a story can the hero tell at the winter's fire! the "battles, sieges, fortunes" that he has known! And how his young wife will look on with pride at him, loving him with a double love: loving him as her sweetheart and her husband, and loving him for the dangers he has passed. It reminds us of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's "Waterloo," where Catherine says to her returned warrior, "I knew that you would come back. I had put my trust in God. Now our greatest miseries are past, and we shall remain always together."

A POLAR BEAR CATCHING A SEAL.

THE illustration on page 304, from the pencil of Ludwig Beckmann, shows how the great white polar bear often contrives to provide for himself a hearty meal. He is a very patient hunter, and will remain for hours in one position on the ice near open water, watching for prey. As soon as he sees or scents a seal he cautiously lowers himself backwards into the water, and swims towards his prey, allowing only the tip of his nose to appear above the water. If he succeeds in coming upon the seal while that wary animal is taking a nap, he crushes in his skull with a single blow of his mighty paw. But ~~the~~ seal, which possesses a very delicate sense of hearing, often wakes just at the moment the bear rises from the water, and plunging from the ice, disappears in its own element. The bear at once acknowledges his discomfiture, and disconsolately swims back to his lurking place, sometimes followed by a troop of seals, that take good care to keep just out of his reach.

LITERATURE.

"Gleanings from Nature." By B. E. Wright. (London: Hatchards, Piccadilly.) This is an unpretentious, clever, pleasant, "jolly" little book, that we have read from beginning to end with real pleasure. We have often heard of books that should be in every household, and it has been said of works that were scarcely fit to be printed; but it will apply to this one. It ought certainly to be in every nursery. We have not one fault to find with it. It is a wholesome companion for children. It is quite free from sickly strait-laced cant and false religious sentiment. It is full of pleasant anecdotes, and will inspire a young reader with a real love of nature, and a deep and earnest reverence for the Creator. We will give a few quotations for the benefit of our readers. Speaking of flies, the authoress says, in answer to the question "What makes them hum?"—"It is owing to the quickness with which they move their wings; they usually flap six hundred times in each second; but if they are frightened, they will increase the speed to nearly four thousand times! Their eyes, five in number, are placed in this way: one large eye on each front-side of the head, and three small ones on the top: the two large eyes are so divided as to contain four thousand distinct organs of sight." It is probable some of our readers did not know this before. What marvellous machinery we stop when we kill a fly! We can certainly increase our happiness by acquiring a better knowledge of the little insects and animals around us. When we know what a wonderful little thing a fly is, it becomes an object of interest. Many a timid creature has made himself miserable by fearing that a spider would bite him in the night and kill him with its poison, or that an earwig would get in his ear and drive him mad. Many have had wings to their nightcaps and resorted to other means for the purpose of keeping out earwigs. A little knowledge of nature would have shown them that a spider is perfectly harmless, and that an earwig could not get in any one's ear if it tried. We make another quotation:—"The common brown rat is a flesh eater, and a most rapacious little animal; indeed, so repulsive is his nature that he will eat his friends and relations if they are taken ill and are unable to defend themselves; and he has been even known to devour his own children! Their habit, however, of eating everything that they can find which is offensive makes them of great use in destroying putrid substances that would otherwise breed bad fevers." Here is an amusing bit of information concerning the toad:—"When a toad casts, or changes, his skin, he finishes the operation by *devouring* his old cast-off coat; but he certainly does not appear to enjoy the strange meal, as it costs him much exertion to consume it, and he evidently does it as a matter of duty and not of pleasure." Here is a fact or two for the farmer:—"If a dead rook be hung to a stake in a field as a warning to keep off the rest of the colony by the sight of their friend's untimely end, the neighbouring rooks sometimes visit him; but when at length they find that he is actually dead, they will leave him to his fate. But it is ill policy thus to endeavour to exterminate these birds, for it is certain that they do more good than harm to the crops. . . . If our farmers would only take the trouble, they could soon satisfy themselves that rooks are their best friends in clearing fields from one of our greatest scourges—the wire-worm. The insect eats its way into the heart of the roots of the grain, burying itself some inches underground; the rook is its particular and almost sole devourer; for, being possessed of a very strong and long bill, he is enabled to unearth the wire-worm from depths to which birds with shorter bills are unable to penetrate. If watched by a *careless* observer, the poor rook will be strongly condemned when seen pulling up root after root of the springing crop; but if the work were to be examined minutely, there would be found in most of these roots the cell of a wire-worm; it is only the yellow, unhealthy-looking stems which the sagacious bird pulls up." This is a child's book from which teachers can also learn. We think we have quoted enough to prove to our readers the desirability of possessing such a valuable little work.

"Noble Love and other Poems." By Colin Rae-Brown. (London: William Skeffington, 163, Piccadilly.) "Noble Love" does not please us. It is a poem that you may very carefully read from beginning to end, and, having done so, find that you know nothing about it. Mr. Rae-Brown seems to write for the sake of writing, not that he has anything particular to say. He has political and religious opinions which he thinks it policy to give out in poetry, or rather in rhyme, that jingles out of tune now and then, and is often full of sound and fury signifying but little. We are inclined to think the author is earnest, and should be glad to think so still; but when we find him contradicting himself we lose faith. The first line in the introduction to "Noble Love" is "Dread not the lowliness of thy estate." We think "*thine* estate" would read better. The "y" and "e" do not come well together. This is a small matter, but often a little alteration will make an improvement in sound, if not in sense. Two lines lower down we have:—

First know thyself, and then an orbit choose
Where thou can'st move and shine.

We recommend this advice to the author. We are afraid he will not shine in poetry. It is a good divine that can follow his own precepts. It has been said that a mortal, whatever he may do, cannot merit heaven; but the author thinks such men as Havelock can make the Creator shine brighter:—

Such lives are jewels in the crown of God,
And through eternity shall sparkle there

* * * * * *

No soul so lowly that it may not rise
And add a glory to His diadem.

We do not care to see the words "droopt," "worshipt," "crusht," "cherisht," "scorcht," "blest," &c. The following piece, the most complete that we can find in "Noble Love," will give the reader an idea of the author's style:—

Virtue and vice, commingling, yet apart,
Pass and repass thy crowded thoroughfares
From hour to hour in motley multitudes—
Motley in purpose as in garb and form;
Each with a separate mission to fulfil,
Must for himself go quarry out a path,
Through which instinctively he makes his way,
Alike unheeded and unheedingly.

Still, even this does not strike us as being poetical, but as decidedly prosy. It is very blank verse. To quote the author, we may say in regard to poetry that—"The counterfeit more current is than gold." We do not like this line: "The seeming, not the real, doth obtain." Of course, we often read in the papers that "a report is obtaining that," &c.; or "a rumour obtains that," &c.; but this is not a reason why bad English should be dragged into a book of poems. In "The Light of the World," a theological and political piece, we find:—

Let dreamers dream their dreams republican,
And build vain hopes on frail Equality,
Revealing visions, vague and purposeless,
In eloquent obscurity of words.

This scarcely agrees with the following, from "The Scottish Emigrant":—

The temple consecrate to him who drove
His plough of song into the hearts of men,
And stirred the world to listen and obey
God's mandate of equality in man.

Mr. Rae-Brown does not seem to have much faith in Providence, and evidently thinks the Power that works all for good bungles occasionally, or else we misunderstand him. He says, speaking of France:—

Both crown and crowd are drunken with a past
Which it were well the world had never known.

Here is a strange contradiction:—

Strange! how a *lowly highland* maid.

The author does not compliment the fair sex:—

At least we come from monkeys, Darwin says,
And I confess to many monkey ways
In men and women too.

He confesses to the monkey ways of other people, and seems to cry out, like the conceited man of old, "I thank the Lord that I am not as other men." He puts the monkey tribe above the man tribe, for reasons no doubt best known to himself. When he has pulled frail humanity to pieces, failing to see the good in the world that poets do see, he finishes:—

Could monkeys, ruddered monkeys, ere do so?
No! monkeys have not fallen quite so low;
'Tis with the semi-monkey, shorn of tail,
That common sense and higher reason fail;
Place man and monkey, man is sure to win
The race of folly and the goal of sin.

We do not know why Mr. Rae-Brown should give his poetry to mankind. They may fail to see it. It must be like throwing pearls before swine. Judging from the following verse, we should think the author has been reading Longfellow's poems:—

Still the counterfeit is current,

(The author has said this before.)

And things are not what they seem,
We are fed but are not nourisht,
Finding much of life a dream.

"Wild and free" is repeated many times, and the author is continually prefixing "re" to his words—"re-deluging," "re-robing," &c. The best compositions are under the heading "Outlines in Verse." These lines from "My Love" we think are amongst the most creditable in the book:—

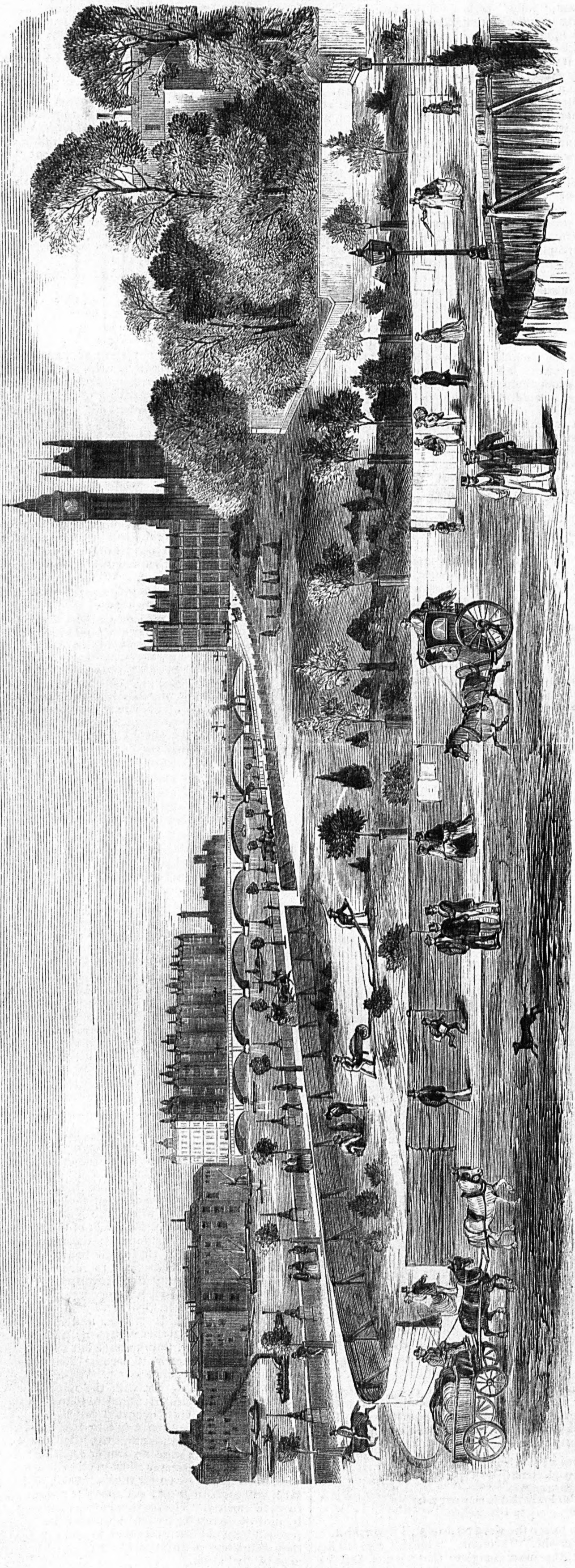
With all that pertains to the struggles—
  The battles and bargains of life,
It is fit that a man should be laden,
  But keep woman out of the strife.

Her world is that home where affection
  Is foster'd and nurtured and spread,
And that woman that makes it most happy
  Works more with her heart than her head.

I would like my love to be cultur'd—
  Not over, yet highly refined—
Leading me with her beautiful instinct,
  And not by the strength of her mind.

The volume is attractive looking. It is neatly got-up, and well printed on toned paper.

INSURGENTS REMOVING GUNS FROM MONTMARTRE.—In our picture on page 313 the insurgents will be seen carrying away the cannon from Montmartre. All through the late disturbances in Paris Montmartre has been prominent. It was here that the Communistic revolution began, by the attempt made by the authorities to seize the guns which the National Guards had stored there to be out of the reach of the Germans. But for the unlucky circumstance that these cannon had been allowed to be carried off to Montmartre, it would have been unnecessary to attempt to recover possession of them; and the opportunity for revolt, as well as the provocation to it, would not have occurred. Better for the French Government to have rigidly interpreted the convention with Count Bismarck, and have allowed the Germans to carry off these guns as part of the spoils and trophies of war, than to have left them in the hands of the National Guards, to become bones of contention and instruments of civil strife. We are more immediately concerned, however, with the removal of a portion of these cannon from Montmartre than with the storing of them here. This occurred when, the Versailles troops having made their way into Paris and turned the insurgent position on Montmartre, it became evident not only that the guns were no longer safe there, but might be employed with greater effect in other quarters. Orders were accordingly given for their removal, and the populace, still high of heart, set about performing the work in good earnest. The excitement was considerable, and by dint of energetic action several of the pieces were rescued from capture and taken to other districts, where they were once more used to carry on the direful business of civil strife.



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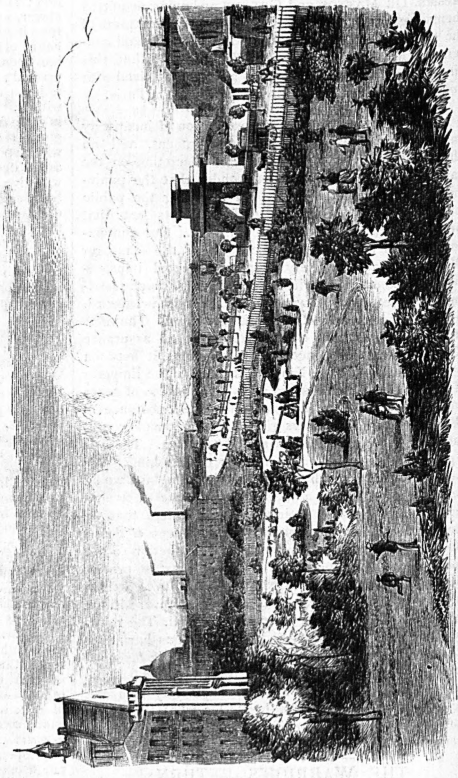

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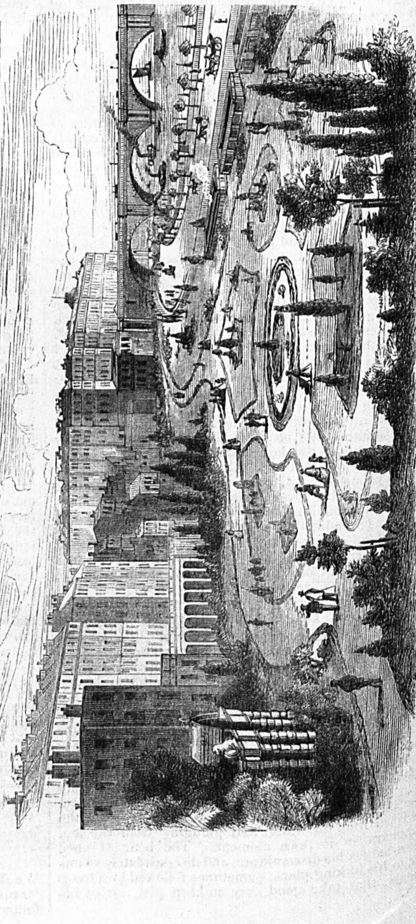

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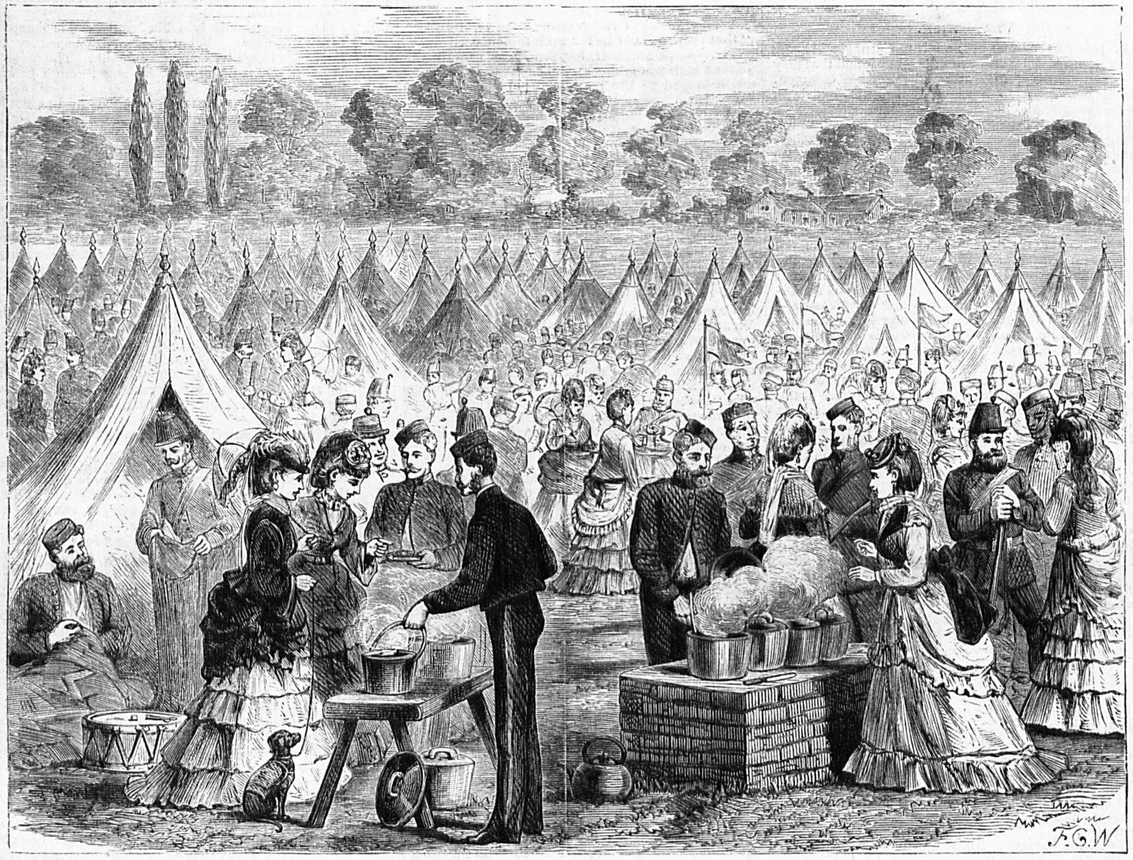
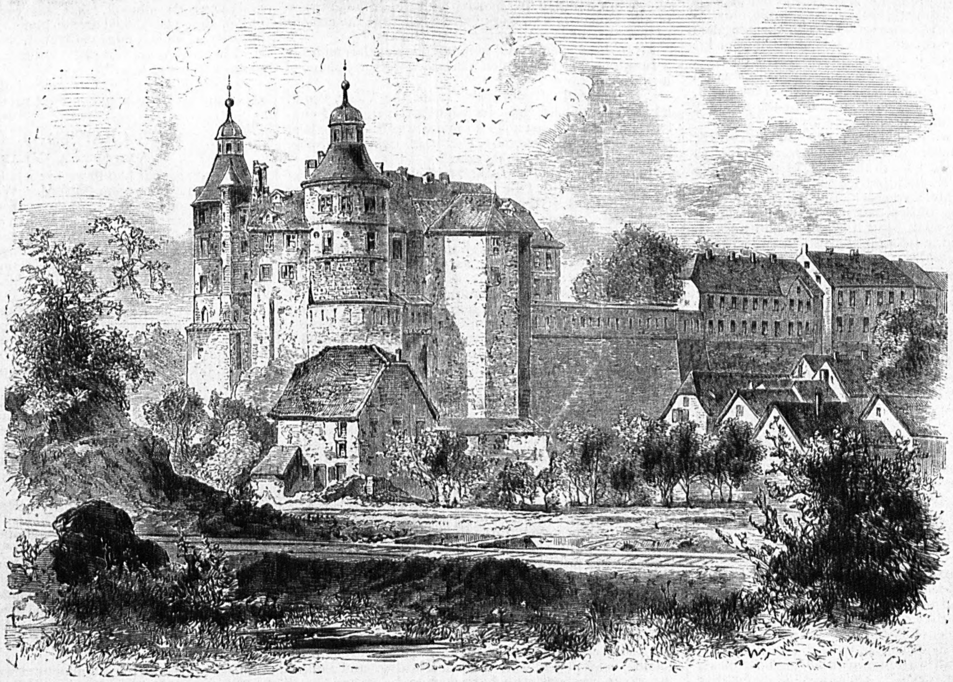


ENCAMPMENT OF CHESHIRE VOLUNTEERS.



MONTBELIARD CASTLE.

BY RAIL TO "THE WILLOWS."

By BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER V.

VERY THICK.

MR. JOSEPH SMITHETT and Mr. Carnegie became what the world calls "very thick." They found that they knew many people, and admired many, in common. Smithett knew younger brothers of men who had been Carnegie's college chums. Friendships grow apace before men have come to "forty year." When, in the opening days of active life, men are thrown together, whether on the college cricket ground or in the same boat-race; whether cast into the same dull office to copy letters all day long, or cabined in the same ship to while away the lagging hours on an idle station; or, again, bound together in the same mess-room in a hot, dull station up the country in India; men at the start of life easily become the intimates and companions of the very opposite character to their own. The youth—the quickly-coursing blood—the unhardened sensibility that is as delicate as a baby's touch—the generous trust—the yearning for sympathy, and the zest for pleasure—combine to open the heart of the young to all who approach it. The old man, whose course is almost run; the withered man, whom misfortune has stricken before his time; the wearied at heart, and the unquiet in conscience, brighten to the sound of the hearty voice of youth, and turn themselves and smile once more in the fresh, spring-tide atmosphere he casts about him out of the fulness of his new life. If the mature and the aged wisely poise and curb and direct the exuberant impulses and hot rashness of the young; these, in their turn, and in payment of the wisdom by which they profit, bring summer again into the wintry chambers of Nestor.

Carnegie and Smithett had known each other but a few days, when they met on the high road near The Willows. They came together at once by a strong affinity. The Vicar was a man who had, to a remarkable extent, retained the freshness of his college life. He was a manly, muscular, active man, who appeared to be built for the hunting-field rather than for the pulpit. Miss Hornibrook declared that he made her hand tingle for an hour after when he shook it. He could walk his twenty miles a day—gliding, with long and elastic strides, under the hedge-rows. He put the very brightest face on his religious duties. The poor of his parish whom he visited, listened to him and welcomed him because of his cheerfulness. The children came running round about him. The dogs licked his shoes. The tradesmen frowned at him as an aristocrat, and said, "These are the humble gentlemen who come to preach Christianity and humility among the poor; and they shut themselves up within the Vicarage gates, and nobody in the neighbourhood is worthy to know the Vicar's wife, except the Hornibrooks and a few other county families."

En effet, the Carnegie family was one that had won and still expected high honours in the Church. Carnegie's uncle had been a bishop, and a very unpopular bishop to boot. His lordship was not too liberal with even the crumbs under his table. He was a great and scholarly man, and he had found in the depths of his powerful mind reasons that appeared to satisfy his conscience why a Christian bishop should keep his coffers full. A dashing horseman, a wit, able to hold his own with Sidney Smith at a dinner table; a writer of a few scathing literary criticisms in the *Quarterly Review;* a severe and parsimonious father; but a winning and steadfast friend (who somehow always kept his pockets buttoned), Bishop Carnegie was an admirable illustration, which all the Dissenting bodies in the kingdom turned to constant account. He died of a fall from his horse, not of a fever caught in a poor man's cottage. Some people said the immediate cause of death was an over-hearty dinner. I wonder, so charitable is the world, it was not said the good bishop died by the fall of a heavy silver soup tureen upon his saintly toes.

Mr. Carnegie, with whom we are now concerned, always openly expressed the greatest reverence for his uncle's memory. He was, in the main, of the bishop's way of thinking. He had married the bishop's daughter, had prudent Mr. Carnegie. But the young Vicar had that which the bishop had not—namely, an acute sensibility and a tender heart, that drew him towards the poor. He loved to take his stout stick, and call his faithful spaniel out, and go cheerily on his rounds, far beyound the bounds of his parish. He never hesitated on a threshold, for he was always certain of his welcome. He used to say that the poor labouring men and their wives, within his influence, were the best ladies and gentlemen in his parish. The truth was, Mr. Carnegie found in the shop-keeping class of his parishioners "a general union of total dissent." There were half a dozen damp-looking little chapels dotted about the parish. In one of these the pious cheesemonger of the locality marshalled a select congregation of old maids on the right road. But that which the cheesemonger preached the ironmonger denounced; and the greengrocer and the greengrocer's wife, over the Sunday tea and muffins, threw up their hands most pitifully, wondering where those strayed lambs—the said cheesemonger and ironmonger—hoped to go. Of course, there was the Dissenting undertaker and the Church of England undertaker in the community of Barford.

Mr. Carnegie's church was full every Sunday, but not of the Barford tradesfolk. The Established Church undertaker, of course, was there, in his white cravat, over which his red nose loomed so brilliantly that as Tapp, the landlord of the Dragon, said, "It made your eyes water to look at it!" When Mr. Carnegie walked along the High-street of Barford, he did not receive all the reverent notice he conceived to be due to him. He had a certain lofty air with him, with all his heartiness, cheerfulness, and goodness. There was no doubt that the vulgarity of the upstart tradesfolk disgusted him, and he found it difficult to tolerate what he called, or somebody called for him, the "plated aristocracy of the mills." He declared that he could do very little with the operatives, or any persons who were within their influence. He said, these all appeared to think, when he approached them, that he had some personal advantage to derive from their salvation.

"Their ideas of independence are so wild," he said, "that they will not be led even to heaven."

Mr. Joseph Smithett, however, was exactly the kind of man with whom the Vicar desired to come in contact. He belonged to the manufacturing class by birth, and he had received a university education. He was, then, in a position to stand fairly and usefully between the gentry of the county and the invading army of commerce. The influence of such a man, Mr. Carnegie thought, might have an admirable effect on his fold. He would be a link that would connect the now divided interests, and calm the rival jealousies of his parish. Happily young Mr. Smithett was a man of most agreeable exterior and manners. His air was frank and free, and his voice had in it those indescribable tones and softnesses which mark the man of education, and which betray, in a few words, what kind of society the speaker has mixed in.

So the meeting was a cordial one; and Smithett having nothing to do, volunteered to accompany the Vicar on his rounds. This walk gave Mr. Carnegie an opportunity not only of studying the character and opinions of his companion, but also of communicating to him an account of the state of parties in the parish.

"It's money that does it," said the manufacturer's son, "money, always money. Although my father is a manufacturer, I am free to confess that commercial men think a banker's book the finest volume on the face of the earth. I am afraid there are some of them who would not except the Bible.

"It's a very bad state of feeling," said the Vicar.

"Bad! it's disgusting! but, then, it's very natural. They slave and toil day and night; and what is their object? Why, money! They live for money. Their only ambition in the world is to have money. The worshipful man is the man who, as the Lancashire candidate said, 'fairly stinks o' brass.' A poor scholar is to them no better than a poor scavenger; for the knowledge that doesn't bring these wretched pounds, shillings, and pence, has no worth in their sight. The Radical papers talk about the way the governess is treated in a peer's family. They should see her in a good rough manufacturer's home. Why, the mistress of the house, who hasn't, perhaps, got an 'h' in her vocabulary, and who, if she were wise, would take a few lessons with the children, sees very little difference between the teacher and the scullion."

"That is true."

"You see," Smithett continued, "I happen to have got in contact with both sides of the question pretty closely"——

"And may, therefore," the Vicar interrupted, "perform a most useful part in destroying prejudices that keep one class from the other."

Mr. Smithett shook his head, observing that these prejudices were not built on sand. "Let us go a little lower," he continued, "and we shall find the separation of class and class more broadly marked. A man who comes out of a shop, and starts as a merchant with an office, draws down an impenetrable veil before the old shutters; and in a few years he would as soon let his neighbours think he had been a coiner as that he had stood behind the counter. Take my word for it, my dear sir, to the cream of the Clapham cream there is only the faintest difference in the degrees of ignominy between the man who has stood behind a counter and the man who has stood in the dock at the Old Bailey. You can't imagine the ferocity with which the outposts of the wholesale world are guarded against the attacks of those atoms of moving dirt, the retailers."

Mr. Carnegie could not help laughing at the emphasis with which his companion described the prejudices of his own class.

"The spread of education," said the Vicar, "will, let us hope, put all these foolish quarrels right. I confess I have not been able to make way against them among my parishioners. The next generation may think as liberally as you do now."

"I am afraid not;" said Smithett, "for the love of money is destined, I very much fear, to keep down any other standard of the admirable, for a long time."

"It may be so; and, if so, the reform must come from the educated classes. I mean, the gentry."

"I agree with you, although my own father is of the commercial classes. He is as true, as good-hearted, and honourable a man as ever walked erect, Mr. Carnegie. He is blunt and rough, but an admirable and a liberal master. It offends him mortally that I will not go into business. But I can't. I know what business means, and what business men, as a rule, are; and I have told him that if he can only give me a crust and a pitcher of water, I will take them, but I will live among scholars and gentlemen."

"I'll not presume to advise you," the Vicar said, pleasure speaking in his voice; "but I am certain that, were I in your position, your resolution would be mine."

"So I am just finishing my terms at the Inner Temple."

The new friends had a very long walk together. They were seldom on the high road; for the Vicar's visits lay among obscure, scattered cottages; along broken paths, across ploughed fields; over stiles and through ragged hedges, and through leafy English lanes, where birds twittered in the hedges, surprised to hear a footfall; and where the grass and nettles and docks and blackberry briars stretched far across the way. All the labourers whom they passed lifted their hats; and when they darkened the doorway of a cottage, the housewife came forward, with her children, and Mr Smithett saw how popular the Vicar was. When there was a sick creature to be visited Mr. Smithett remained outside, and played with the Vicar's dog, and talked cheerily to anybody who happened to be at hand.

"These poor people have a hard time of it," observed the Vicar, when he issued from one of his visits. "I have just seen a poor fellow who broke his leg a week or two ago by a fall from a haystack. It's wonderful to see the patience with which he bears his confinement, with hardly a comfort about him."

"What can we do for him?" Smithett was for instant action.

The Vicar softly laid his hand on his companion's arm—"Nothing. What is strictly necessary I have seen to. Don't let us pauperise him. The fellow has a brave heart, and will work his way through in his own fashion."

But Smithett got the man's name, and on the following Saturday the invalid received a thumping leg of mutton, two bottles of port, with all the materials for a plum-pudding for the children, accompanied by a scrap of paper, on which the donor had written—"Sunday's dinner from a friend, and may the family have appetites to enjoy it."

Before Barford church steeple appeared in the distance, the two pedestrians had become fast friends; and as they dipped into the valley where the little town lay, where the tall factory chimneys were smoking, and behind which the high embankment of the railway appeared, the Vicar invited his companion to his house to take a glass of wine after their long walk. They trotted briskly down the steep street, over the bridge that crossed the rapid river Bar (that gaily did the work of so many mills), and stopped at the gate of the garden beside the church, that led, by a long shady walk, to the Vicarage. Mr. Hornibrook had just passed within the gate. He shook Mr. Carnegie's hand cordially, and then, recognising Mr. Smithett, honoured him with a cold bow.

"I was just going to give you a call—but never mind," said Mr. Hornibrook.

The Vicar understood perfectly the meaning of the "never mind," and was only the more determined that the two gentlemen should become better acquainted.

"We are just going to have a glass of wine after a long walk, and you must join us."

Mr. Hornibrook could not, without committing a flagrant act of rudeness, make a retreat. As they walked down the long path to the house, he addressed himself exclusively to Mr. Carnegie. This gentleman only redoubled his attentions to his new friend.

"What can this mean?" thought Mr. Hornibrook. "Carnegie! who has as great an antipathy to these manufacturers as I have!"

The Vicar had some excellent modern pictures, and two or three portfolios full of engravings he had selected with great care. These helped to dissipate the *gêne* that Mr. Hornibrook's coldness had produced. Mr. Smithett examined the pictures with avidity, and showed that he was not ignorant of either ancient or modern art; and when he came to the portfolios, he surprised even Mr. Carnegie with the intimate knowledge he had at his command of all the renowned engravers.

As Mr. Hornibrook surveyed the handsome proportions, the delicate and intelligent face, and the easy, elegant manners of the young man before him, he could hardly believe that this was the son of the uncouth proprietor of the works that occasionally covered his flowers with soot.

Mr. Smithett took his leave, the Vicar having made him promise that he would soon pay him another visit. "I thank you exceedingly for your company," said Mr. Carnegie. "I have had a delightful morning, and I trust you will not let it be the last, if you have time to spare for another tramp or two."

When the young manufacturer had taken his departure, which he did after having returned Mr. Hornibrook's bow with freezing rigidity, the Vicar familiarly patted Mr. Hornibrook on the shoulder, and said: "My dear Hornibrook, what has young Smithett done to you that you should freeze him in that manner? I assure you he is a most cultivated, intelligent, aye, and kind-hearted young English gentleman, and I intend to make a friend of him."

"Possibly, possibly, Carnegie—but there's the mill about his neck; and he can't get rid of it—UGH!"

CHAPTER VI.

ALMOST A YEAR.

ALMOST a year had flown by: it had flown with many events on its wings from Barford. What had come to pass within one "circling of the seasons"? In the first place the Vicar had not succeeded in curing Mr. Hornibrook of his violent prejudices against the manufacturing interest. Now and then he was mollified, but the wind blew that sent the smoke from Smithett's works across his garden, and again all his original ferocity broke forth. It is true that on some five or six occasions he had met young Mr. Joseph Smithett at the Vicarage, and that he had been induced by this young gentleman's agreeable conversation and Conservative doctrines to be almost civil to him. He was far, however, from having taken him into his friendship, or from having invited him to The Willows. To Mr. Carnegie's great vexation, friend Hornibrook still maintained that there was a dash of the mill in the young man.

"A dash of the mill!" the Vicar said, "what do you mean, Hornibrook, by this dash of the mill you are always talking about? It's a phrase that runs in your head, and I think you would be puzzled to explain the meaning of it."

"The meaning of it?" growled Hornibrook. "The meaning appears to me to be obvious." But, obvious as it was, Mr. Hornibrook did not volunteer to explain it.

"I have had some experience of men," the Vicar persisted, "at Cambridge and elsewhere. I have mixed with all classes; and I assure you, my good friend Hornibrook, that I do not at this moment call to mind a man who for his age was so ripe in intellect, so steady and pure in conduct, and in manner so completely gentlemanly in the best sense of the word, as young Smithett."

These praises of the manufacturer's son were discords in the ears of Mr. Hornibrook. He would answer with a "Well, well, I may be mistaken," or a "Perhaps so." But he never budged many inches from his original position. I rather think the high opinion which the Vicar held of the manufacturer's son brought out the obstinacy which was in Mr. Hornibrook's character. When he was talking with friends away from the Vicar, he had been heard to call young Smithett a precocious upstart, who wanted his exact position to be shown to him.

"People don't jump at once out of a mill into a gentleman's drawing room!" said he.

It was exceedingly uncharitable, not to say presumptuous, in the owner of The Willows, who was no mighty grandee himself after all, to talk in this hostile manner of one who had given him no cause of offence, and who was no more to be blamed that he was a small manufacturer's son than Mr. Hornibrook was to be condemned because he had not inherited an English county, and wore a felt hat instead of ducal strawberry leaves. Some of what were called the leading tradesmen of Barford made merry in the smoking-room of the Dragon at the expense of Mr. Hornibrook; and the linendraper of the town (the Misses Hornibrook bought very little there, whereas Mrs. Smithett was a first-class customer) believed in his heart and soul that he had said everything which could be said on the subject, and had for ever put it to rest, when he declared, between very long pulls at his pipe, that Mr. Smithett could buy Mr. Hornibrook up any day in the week. Mr. Tapp, the landlord, who, unlike the model landlord of romance, was the smallest man in Barford, would not have Mr. Hornibrook "run down." Tapp was painfully polite to the Smithetts, father and son, whenever either honoured him by a visit to his ancient coaching establishment. Mr. Smithett was a man of influence in the town. Whenever any local meeting was held, it was he who was called to the chair by acclamation. Mr. Smithett had brought the lecturers of the Mutual Improvement Society to Tapp's Assembly Rooms. When Mr. Smithett's house overflowed, the superabundant population dropped into the ghostly old bedrooms of the Dragon. Tapp therefore would have exhibited black ingratitude, and have closed both his eyes upon his own interests, had he not stood up valiantly for the dignity of the Smithetts. But Tapp was an elderly man, and remembered the days when there was nothing like a Smithett at Barford, and when the courtyard of the Dragon, then kept by his father, was filled with the gentry of the county, mounted as became gentlemen. "I have seen all the best blood in the county in that yard at one time," said Tapp, solemnly, desiring to impress his company with the glory of the vision that had made his youth memorable. "Aye," continued Tapp, "and the master of The Willows, then a spanking young fellow, was not the least among them, I can tell you. A better rider never put his leg across a horse. He was always a hot-tempered fellow, was Master Hornibrook, but a good chap at bottom. Look how his servants stay with him; that will tell you."

Mr. Hornibrook was, in short, a customer of whom the landlord of the Dragon was proud. He considered the county families his property, and in his heart esteemed them far above those more profitable patrons of his, the manufacturers and their sons. Tapp would say, with a wicked twinkle of his eye—

"Bless you, I can tell a born gentleman from one of t'other sort, if it's only by the way he takes a glass of ale in his 'and. There's a something—I can't describe it, but you know what I mean."

This lucid definition of gentle blood posed Mr. Tapp among his neighbours and customers of his own degree, as a very shrewd, discerning fellow. His explanation of Mr. Hornibrook's natural superiority to the Smithetts was quite as intelligible as Mr. Hornibrook's condemnation of the Vicar's young friend.

Any observer who desires to test the expanding powers of gossip should betake himself to a very small country town. The "fierce light that beats about a throne" is that of a rushlight compared with the blaze in which a country town resident lives. Beware of the fate of the Misses Kensit, two unmarried ladies who lived alone in a four-roomed cottage not five minutes' walk from the Dragon. They were two ladies of ripe age, who had lived a life after Mrs. Grundy's own heart. The breath of slander had never touched a hair of the false front with which Barbara Kensit was wont (her only vanity) to cover the shabbiness of nature; while Rebecca Kensit, who was a small copy of her sister (and whom wicked Mr. Joe Smithett used to call the "mathematical reduction") could defy envy itself, (if envy should ever, in eccentric mood, turn in her direction) to point out one grain of dust in that sunbeam—her life. But days come, and do not all resemble one another. In an evil hour one gusty November night two belated revellers were taking their tipsy way home from the Dragon. The clock had indeed run into the small hours, and Mr. Tapp had consented to allow some of his guests to remain so late because, as he explained to a friend in the morning, "two legs had come off." It should be explained to the uninitiated reader that when Mr. Tapp said two legs had come off, he meant to convey to the person whom he addressed, and did convey to him, that two gentlemen who were in the habit of frequenting his establishment had lost two legs of mutton in a bet, and that, with the spirit native to Englishmen, they had put their two legs together, and had nobly given their friends a feast. Under these liberal circumstances Mr. Tapp had not found it in his heart to "speed the *stopping* guest." Besides, had not Stooks, the linendraper, in a voice tremulous with emotion, and not improved by copious potations, risen on this interesting occasion to propose the "'ealth of their 'ost"? Mr. Tapp would have been less than a man if, when the orator was making an affectionate allusion to the family growing up about him, and more particularly to his eldest hope, to inherit the honours of the house of Tapp, the father had not listened with respectful attention. The speech of Mr. Stooks made a reply on the part of the host absolutely necessary. Mr. Tapp, it must be confessed, acquitted himself with honour. He made bold to tell the company that frequent experience of this kind of attention on the part of his visitors had made replies to such a toast come easy to him. His family was pretty well, he thanked them all. These social amenities had, as it has already been related, carried the festivities of the Dragon into the small hours. The two belated revellers, then, were on their way home, and, to the utter discomfiture of the Misses Kensit, their way lay past the windows of the cottage where these ladies dwelt. A bright light shone through the blinds of the parlour window. The two revellers paused opposite the house, in mute astonishment. The quiet of their surprise was not due so much to its intensity as to the inability under which both the gentlemen were temporarily labouring of giving anything like clear expression to their ideas. Clinging tightly to each other, they watched the illuminated window, and in a few minutes, distinct as a portrait cut in black paper, the shadow of a man appeared upon a blind. The revellers looked at each other, and laughed, and amicably indulged in a mutual jerk between the ribs. The shadow of a female form then appeared, and a pantomime, that to the revellers expressed intense affection, ensued. The next morning all Barford had made up its mind as to the character of the Kensits. All kinds of trivial incidents were brought to bear to confirm the public in the worst interpretation of the shadows the drunken men had seen. It ran round the town that Blobb, the shoemaker, had mended a stout pair of bluchers for the Misses Kensit. They could not be for either of the maidens, large as it was granted on all hands their feet were. Blobb said they were as big as portmanteaus. The maidens Kensit never recovered the scandal, and when some kind friend endeavoured to explain that the male figure was only a good-for-nothing sailor brother, he was laughed at for his pains. And ever afterwards in Barford, if a lady was detected in any passage of sentiment, the malicious gossips—in other words, nine-tenths of the population—said "It's only her brother, the sailor. There's another job for Blobb!" In such an atmosphere none could escape criticism, and very few avoid public censure. Everybody was laid under contribution to keep up the necessary fund of scandal, and they who contributed the largest share believed that they had escaped the tax altogether.

Yes—nearly a year had passed since young Smithett took his first walk with the Vicar. During that time Smithett had been almost a constant resident at Barford, or rather in his father's house near the town. He had become very popular in the neighbourhood, and he had been pointed out as the future husband of at least half a dozen of the Barford young ladies.

Although Mr. Hornibrook had successfully defended his gates against the attacks, again and again renewed, of the class whom he detested, he had not been equally fortunate in preventing occasional meetings between his daughter Sarah and the Vicar's young friend, Smithett. There was no particular reason in his mind for preventing meetings between his daughter and Smithett; and the probability is that he would have made an exception in this young man's favour, had not the Vicar, somewhat injudiciously, persisted in endeavouring to force the merits of the young collegian upon him. As a father, he may have concluded that it was imprudent to accustom his daughters to the society of a young man whom he would never accept as a son-in-law. Albeit, an intimacy of which he was completely ignorant—and of which, strange to say, Barford was ignorant also—was growing up under his nose.

When two young people find pleasure in each other's society, and live in the same neighbourhood, they will discover opportunities, apparently the most innocent in the world, for meeting. There cannot be the faintest doubt, now, that from the first evening Miss Hornibrook met Mr. Joseph Smithett, they were very well affected towards each other. Had Joseph Smithett returned to college the morning after the ball; had he happened to have chambers at the moment in the Temple; he would have contented himself with a remark to a friend that he had met a most agreeable young lady at his father's house. He was simply prepossessed. Accident and opportunity make nine-tenths of the marriages in this world. All that need be said is that Joseph Smithett improved his opportunities. The young lady who had passed all her girlhood at The Willows was decidedly the more inflammable party of the two. The bright, handsome, and clever boy stole into her heart at once. He was so unlike the roystering young men who hunted the county, and could talk of nothing but their guns and fishing-rods, and so superior to them in his conversation, that he aroused her imagination at once. He stood out, in her mind, in bold relief from the rest of her friends and acquaintance. He fixed her attention and engrossed her thoughts; and so, by degrees, he came to be her hero of romance.

The third time the two met was by pure accident. She was walking home with her sister, after having made some purchases in the High-street, across the fields that led to The Willows, when Mr. Joseph Smithett espied them from behind. He had a powerful setter dog with him, and gamboling about the feet of the ladies was a dainty bit of an English terrier a lady might hold in one hand. The setter bounded off after the terrier, and pounced upon it in a few moments, to the great terror of the ladies. Mr. Smithett, as in duty bound, ran to the rescue, drove his dog off, and found himself in the presence of the two sisters. A more likely country incident it is hardly possible to invent. The young gentleman walked politely by the side of the ladies. He seemed to know the elder best, and so found himself next to her. There was an indefinable pleasure to both of them in the simple incident. There was a softness in the manner of each to each that would have been imperceptible to a stranger. They talked of common things, and each found a gentle pleasure in the voice of the other. Both were flattered to see that the sympathy felt was reciprocated. The walk was three-quarters of a mile long, and they did not hasten to the end of it. An ordinary observer, not strongly interested in either of the young people, would not have had the least remark to make on this accidental walk in company. It was not a *tête-à-tête*, and Emily, as she always did, took care to have her share of the conversation. All the significance of it was in tone and manner, and these were so delicately warm that their extra temperature could be felt only by the two talkers between whom a sympathy had arisen.

This third meeting made a very sensible impression on the young student. It confirmed and strengthened what had been a mere impression. It set an image before him that it was not easy to chase away, had he endeavoured to put it to flight. He was young, with a free heart, and the world before him. He was entering an honourable profession; an only son, he would inherit at least enough to make him independent of his own exertions. There was no reason why he should put a curb on his imagination, resting awhile from his studies, with weeks of time to spend to his own liking; he entered boldly upon the dreams of the new life that had burst upon him. It never occurred to him that great and grave difficulties lay between him and the fruition of his dreams. At this time he had not met Mr. Hornibrook since he had seen him at his father's house. It did not enter his mind that the Hornibrooks "looked down" on the Smithetts as belonging to a class inferior to their own. He had first met them under his father's roof, and he had the best right to take it for granted that there was a friendly feeling between the two houses.

It was only a few days before the Vicar and young Mr. Smithett had their first long walk through the country that the third meeting happened between the two young people. The marked and icy coldness with which Mr. Hornibrook, it will be remembered, met the manufacturer's son at the Vicarage, therefore made a strong impression on him. He imagined, for a moment, that the quick apprehension of a father guarding his children from harm had at once fathomed that which was hardly discovered by himself. And then his vanity took up his train of reasoning, and it occurred to him that Miss Hornibrook had possibly spoken of him before her father in a suspiciously enthusiastic manner. The conclusion to which Joseph Smithett came was that Mr. Hornibrook would not willingly give his daughter to him. It needed only this difficulty to complete and confirm and deepen his feeling towards the young lady. If the current of true love cannot run smooth, it lashes itself against the rocks and banks that oppose it, until it boils over and sweeps away the main obstacle that lay in its turbulent way. Although Mr. Smithett saw in bold outline before him the difficulty that was in his path and by its boldness challenged his courage and his chivalry, he could not account for its existence. He had not, to his knowledge, said or done anything that could offend Mr. Hornibrook. Had Mr. Hornibrook never been to his father's house he could have understood at once the county gentleman's antipathy to the manufacturer's son. "But I first met him at my father's table," said the young man to himself, and he resolved to take an early opportunity of having a conversation with the Vicar on the subject. The opportunity soon presented itself; but not before he had contrived an artfully accidental meeting with the young lady whose silvery voice was singing in his heart a song that never ceased. The young lady was walking in the meadows by the banks of the Bar. A path lay through the field, and was a near cut to the broad and ragged heath that spread over a vast plateau on the other side of the ridge of hills behind The Willows. The maiden was as she had stepped out of the breakfast parlour. It was a bright, fresh morning early in September, and she had run into the field, where, as a child, she had made daisy chains a thousand times, to gather chickweed for her canaries. Could a pretty girl be seen under more advantageous circumstances? But the maid was serious as she gathered the green-meat for her birds; and she looked the prettier for the shade of sadness that softened the health of her white-and-red country face. It curbed the exuberance of her youth, and gave perfect grace and gentleness to her movements. As young Joseph Smithett approached unseen (he said he was making a short cut to the Common) he slackened his pace, and trod softly, watching the beautiful English girl at her sweet labour. The summer rose indeed in her cheeks, when turning, still in search of chickweed, she saw Mr. Smithett standing close at hand, with his admiring eyes fixed intently upon her. She bowed and said "Good morning" in a confusion so complete and unmistakable that the young gentleman would have been a monster had he not dashed into a little sprightly conversation to relieve her. He became on the spot a keen searcher for chickweed, too. And so the two fell into a gentle conversation, and their hearts came nearer together. What boots it to report their conversation *verbatim*? Love is not made at our firesides, by the sea-shore, or over croquet on the lawn, as Pauline Deschapelles and the gardener's son make love behind the footlights. There is no question of palaces lifting to eternal summer their marble walls. Love rather speaks in monosyllables, and is even chary of these. The long pauses of silence rather than the flashes of conversation were the eloquence that told what was the matter between the two young people in the meadow.

Smithett was so diligent with his work that he soon had chickweed enough for an aviary. Miss Hornibrook glanced at his little harvest, and said, laughing and blushing at the same time—

"Oh, pray don't trouble yourself. I am sure there's enough there for a month to come."

"I hope not," Mr. Smithett said, gallantly and significantly, as he handed the weeds he had gathered to the young lady.

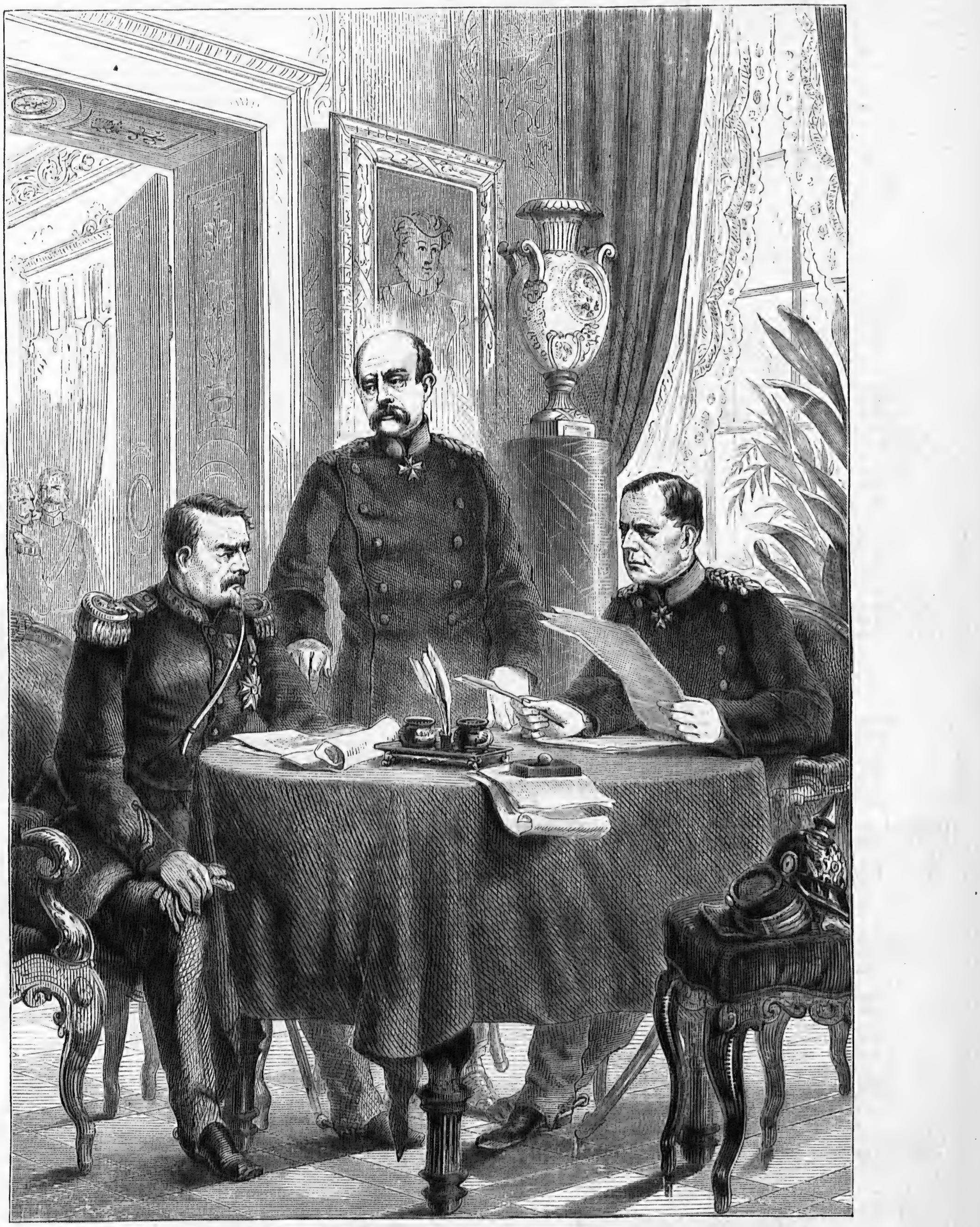
A hundred little circumstances favoured the lovers. They met at many parties given by neighbours whom the Hornibrooks were good enough to visit. And a length they broke into a correspondence. Yet, strange to say, not a single inhabitant of Barford nor of its environs had the least suspicion that Mr. Joseph Smithett and Miss Hornibrook were more than bowing acquaintances.

(To be continued).

ANOTHER dreadful explosion occurred on Saturday at the petroleum works at Rheims, by which fifty persons were killed or wounded.

THE CAPITULATION OF SEDAN.

THE battle of Sedan on the 1st of September, 1870, is one of the greatest events in modern history. It was preceded by encounters of minor importance. There was fighting round the neighbourhood of Sedan for two or three days before the decisive struggle, and in each encounter the French had the worst of it. By some authorities MacMahon's army at Sedan is said to have numbered 180,000 men, but that was probably before the occurrence of any of the inferior battles which preceded that of the 1st of September. Dr. Russell sent to the *Times* a graphic description of the battle and the capitulation :—When the French were beaten and the Emperor saw the case was a hopeless one, a white flag was called for, but none was forthcoming, A Lancer's flag was raised aloft. General Lauriston stood upon the battlements and waved it, while a trumpeter sounded, but in that infernal din neither sight nor sound attracted the besiegers, and it was only when the gate was opened, after attempts in which officers and men were killed and wounded, that the Prussians recognised the first omen of their stupendous victory. The firing suddenly ceased after the discharge of a few dropping shots, and then, as along the bloodstained hills and valleys in which the smoke of battle had been hanging, the news, or rather the instinct, prevailed that the enemy had asked for terms, there rose, I am told, cheers such as only can be given by a triumphant soldiery. Shakos, thousands of helmets and caps, thousands of sabres and bayonets rose in the air. The officer who came out eventually and met General Moltke in consultation, was, I believe, General Reille, who was the officer in attendance on the King when he was at Compiègne. He was the bearer of an autograph letter from the Emperor addressed to his Majesty, and written in no agitated hand. You already know the terms :—"*Mon Frère,—N'ayant peut mourir à la tête de mon armée, je depose mon épée au pied de votre Majesté.*"—("My Brother,—Having failed to die at the head of my army, I lay down my sword at your Majesty's feet.") This letter was immediately conveyed to the King, who, with Count Bismarck, General Moltke, and his staff, was looking down from a height above Wadelincourt on the extinction of an empire. His Majesty's answer was courteous and firm, and meantime General Wimpffen was informed that the terms offered to the army was the surrender of the whole force—guns, horses, and materiel—to the Prussians. I do not know whether the officers were then exempted from general surrender, but, any way, the French commander declared he would sooner perish in the field than sign such a disgraceful capitulation ; and so the sun went down in the west, lighting the path of the King to Vendresse, through the most enthusiastic ovation from all the soldiery along the road south of the Meuse. At ten o'clock the town was to be bombarded, and the French army around it to be shelled, unless the capitulations were signed. It is stated that the scene inside the walls and out was, to use a strong expression, "Hell broke loose." When the Emperor, who passed wearied hours, looked out in the early morning, he beheld a forest of steel and iron on valley and hilltop, batteries posted on every eminence, cavalry in all the plains, as far as his eye could reach the hosts of embattled Germans. His decision was taken at last. He would see the King, and seek to obtain from him some mitigation of the terms. Attended by a few of his staff on horseback, his Majesty proceeded along the road from Sedan in a brougham. Count Bismarck was in bed in his quarters at Donchery when an officer rushed in and announced that the Emperor was coming to meet him and to see the King. Count Bismarck rose, dressed hastily—you may be sure in the white-peaked cap with yellow band, dark uniform coat with metal buttons and yellow facings—and hastened off to meet the Emperor. He was just in time to stop the *cortége* outside the town. I was away on the field, and therefore cannot, of my own personal knowledge, state what occurred. As His Majesty alighted, I hear, Count Bismarck uncovered his head, and stood with his cap in his hand, and on a sign or request from the Emperor to put it on, the Count replied, "Sire, I receive your Majesty as I would my own royal master." There happened to be near the place where the interview occurred, a few hundred yards outside the squalid town of Donchery, the humble cottage of a handloom weaver, of whom there are numbers around Sedan. Count Bismarck led the way and entered it. The room was not inviting. The great Count walked upstairs, and found that the apartment was filled by the handloom and appliances of the weaver, so he descended and found the Emperor sitting on a stone outside. Two chairs were brought out of the cottage. The Emperor sat down in one outside the cottage, Count Bismarck took the other and placed it on His Majesty's left-hand side. The officers in attendance on their fallen master lay down some distance away upon a small plot of grass in front of the cottage. The conversation was a strange one, and as Count

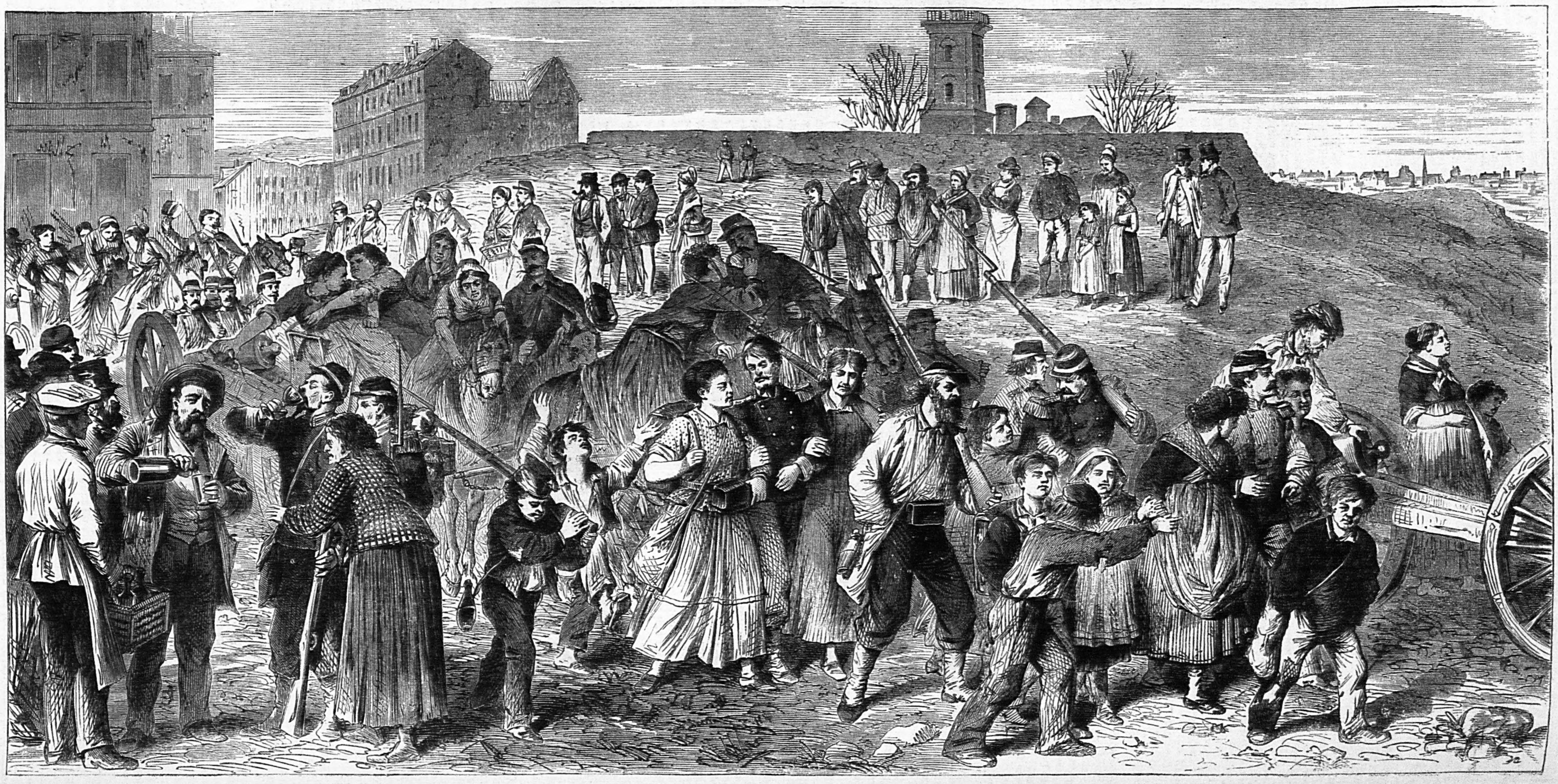


Wimpffen. Bismarck. Moltke.

THE CAPITULATION OF SEDAN.

Bismarck has repeated it freely, or the principal points of it, no doubt it will soon be known and remain for ever as historic. The great point to be gained was peace, but, as far as His Imperial Majesty was concerned, no assurance of it could be obtained by Count Bismarck. The Emperor stated that he had no power. He could not negotiate a peace; he could not give orders to the army, nor to Marshal Bazaine; the Empress was Regent of France, and on her and her Ministers must devolve negotiations. So Count Bismarck thereupon remarked that it was of no avail to hold any further conversation on political matters with his Majesty, and that it would be of no use to see the King. The Emperor desired to see the King in person, but Count Bismarck declared that it was not possible to accede to His Majesty's wishes "until the capitulation had been signed." "Then, as the conversation was becoming rather dangerous, and as the situation was becoming difficult on both sides, we ended it." The interview terminated. Count Bismarck went to see the King. The Emperor withdrew to consult his officers. It was a stupendous moment. The garrison of Sedan was furious at the idea of capitulation. But there, in grim black lines, on every bluff and knoll, on every ridge above the Meuse, on all the heights around, were drawn up the batteries which would rain a hail of fire on the devoted town. Some 600 guns would burst into a sheet of iron against every house. The town, with a few old guns on the walls, with the French field artillery utterly crushed, completely commanded from three sides, could offer no resistance. The troops outside would have simply been turned into a mass of shattered bones and torn flesh in such a shambles as history has never recorded in its pages of horrors. Negotiations as to terms went on, and at last the modifications which the French urged as to the officers' side arms and parole were agreed to. At 11.30 the capitulations were signed, as agreed upon by General Wimpffen and General von Moltke, and I believe Count Bismarck took part in the deliberations:—The garrison and army of Sedan to surrender as prisoners of war, to be sent into Germany; the officers to be liberated on parole that they would not serve against the King of Prussia in case the war goes on; all horses, guns, and munitions of war to be given up. The Emperor's detention in Germany was understood to be a part of the stipulation. When all this had been arranged the King of Prussia met the Emperor as his prisoner on a wooden knoll sloping down to the Meuse. A short way outside Sedan, and separated from it by the river, stands a pretty country house, built in imitation of an old château, but perfectly new, and provided with glass conservatories at the angles. It commands a beautiful view of the valley and town, and is surrounded by a pleasure-ground and a small plantation, secluded from the road. About two o'clock the King, with his body-guard and an escort of cuirassiers, attended by the Crown Prince and a staff of general officers, proceeded to this château, which was charmingly furnished, and received the Emperor, who came with his personal followers and staff in charge under escort, which was ranged on the other side of the avenue facing the cuirassiers. The King and his captive retired into the glass house off one of the saloons on the drawing-room floor, and they could be seen by the staff outside engaged in earnest dialogue. After the interview with the King the Emperor had a few moments' conversation with the Crown Prince, in which he was much agitated when alluding to the manner of the King. His great anxiety seemed to be not to be exhibited to his own soldiers. The result was, however, that His Majesty, wishing to avoid one mischief, was exposed to a great humiliation, for his course had to be altered to avoid Sedan, and thus he had to pass through the lines of the Prussian army.

BATTERY AT MOULIN DE PIERRE.—Our engraving on page 305 represents a battery at Moulin de Pierre, and gives a view of the town, which is pleasantly situated on the right bank of the Allier. It is a comparatively modern town, and has no fine buildings. The castle, as will be seen by our picture, is reduced to a square tower. It is called La Mal Coiffée. Marshal Villars, the opponent of Marlborough, and Marshal Berwick, natural son of James II. by Arabella Churchill (Marlborough's sister), who won the battle of Almanza from the English, in Spain, were both born here. Here Lord Clarendon wrote the greater part of his "History of the Great Rebellion," in exile.



THE LATE PARIS REVOLUTION; INSURGENTS REMOVING GUNS FROM MONTMARTRE.

HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Eton and Harrow match at Lord's closed on Saturday afternoon. Eton won in a single innings, with seventy-seven runs to spare.

THE will of the late Canon Melvill has been proved, the personalty being sworn under £60,000. It is dated December 18, 1841. Everything, we learn from the *Rock*, is left to his widow absolutely.

IT is stated that Mr. Tyrwhitt, the senior magistrate at Marlborough-street, has resigned, and Mr. Hannay, of the Northern Circuit, has been appointed to the vacancy. Mr. Newton, of Worship-street, will probably be asked to share Mr. Knox's duties.

THE *Standard* is informed, on excellent authority, that the post of military attaché at St. Petersburg, having been offered to and declined by several officers, on account of the great expenses and small salary attached to it, has at length been offered to Captain the Hon. Frederick Wellesley.

COLONEL LOYD-LINDSAY entertained at the "Ship" at Greenwich on Saturday a large and distinguished company, consisting mainly of the members of the National Society for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded. Count Bernstorff was present, and proposed Colonel Lloyd-Lindsay's health in highly complimentary terms.

THE Crown Princess of Germany and her children arrived at Osborne on Saturday afternoon on a visit to the Queen. The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne are also at Osborne. Mr. Chichester Fortescue dined with Her Majesty on Saturday. On Sunday morning the Rev. George Prothero preached before the Queen at Osborne.

WITH regard to the Government and the Ballot Bill, the *Daily News* declares itself authorised to repeat what it said on Saturday, that the Government has no intention of withdrawing the Bill, but will continue to press it against all obstruction, in reliance on the support of a majority in the House of Commons.

THE triumphal entry of the Bavarian troops into Munich took place on Sunday. The weather was fine, and the popular enthusiasm is said to have been indescribable. The Prince Imperial of Germany was present.

THE Scott Exhibition, consisting of portraits, paintings, and manuscripts connected with Sir Walter Scott, was opened in Edinburgh on Saturday. It will remain open until after the Scott Centenary Festival next month.

M. THIERS declines to name a day on which the state of siege in Paris will be raised. The reports as to the illness of the Chief of the Executive are authoritatively contradicted. The Versailles correspondent of the *Daily News* says he has the best authority for stating that M. Thiers was never better in his life. On Saturday he gave no fewer than ninety-five audiences, entertained twenty-four guests at dinner, and afterwards had an evening reception.

A DEPUTATION from the Evangelical Alliance, representing various countries in Europe and the United States of America, presented on Saturday memorials to the Czar, praying him to grant liberty of conscience to his oppressed Lutheran subjects in the Baltic provinces. The deputation had a protracted interview with Prince Gortschakoff, who received them by command of the Emperor. They were, it is stated, well satisfied with the result.

ROCHESTER Cathedral is now being restored, a sum of between £20,000 and £30,000 having been allowed to accumulate for that purpose. In carrying out the restoration the original plan of Bishop Gundulph, by whom the present structure was erected, will be strictly adhered to.

THE Emperor of Brazil was out on Saturday morning, as usual, shortly after six o'clock, drove through Richmond and its park, and afterwards visited the members of the Orleans family at Twickenham. In the afternoon His Majesty and the Empress went to the Crystal Palace, where they dined, and returned home shortly before ten o'clock. On Sunday morning the Emperor visited the Zoological Gardens, where His Imperial Majesty stayed till close upon the breakfast hour. After breakfast the Emperor and Empress attended mass at the Spanish Chapel in Manchester-square. In the evening the Emperor and Empress entertained the Count and Countess d'Aquila and the principal members of their Majesties' household at Claridge's.

THE *Army and Navy Gazette* says that a survey has been ordered of Her Majesty's ship *Agincourt*, at Gibraltar, and she has been pronounced to be thoroughly seaworthy and fit to go anywhere. It is understood that Captain H. Rose has been appointed Military Attaché to the St. Petersburg Embassy. It has been determined to withdraw the 1st Battalion 60th Rifles from Canada during the autumn, but it is not yet settled whether or not it shall be brought home as had been arranged. The chances are that it will be called upon to provide relief either for the 29th Regiment, now in the West Indies, or the 78th Highlanders at Halifax, Nova Scotia. Captain R. J. C. Marter, King's Dragoon Guards, has been appointed Assistant Brigade-Major, Curragh District. There is no foundation whatever for the report that the Duke of Edinburgh is about to be appointed to an armour-clad ship.

THE number of convicts now in Ireland is 1,232.

A CABLE telegram gives an alarming bit of news as to the state of affairs in Jamaica. It is to this effect:—The New York papers publish intelligence from Jamaica, according to which the Government is advised that the negro squatters intend to attack the judges at Morant Bay if the decision in the pending cases is against them. According to the same papers it is reported that an insurrection was to begin there on the 19th inst., and the Government was making preparations to meet the emergency. The constabulary had received arms and ammunition, the troops had been ordered to be in readiness, and the Governor was determined to teach them a terrible lesson if they rose.

THE Perthshire papers state that Lady Mordaunt is at present sojourning at Moncreiffe House, in that county, the residence of her father.

A DOMESTIC servant in the employment of Mr. Benjamin Bernard, of Ellingham Hall, Norfolk, has been committed for trial at the assizes in that county on the charge of attempting to poison her master and mistress by putting some phosphorus paste in a tea-kettle which they used. She appears to have been angry because she had received notice to leave.

THE *Osterburger Kreisblatt* publishes the following anecdote:—"At the annual festival of the Osterburg Marksmen, a worthy citizen Otto Bismarck by name, a master shoemaker, was elected King of the Marksmen (*Schützenkönig*). The accidental coincidence between his name and that of the King of Diplomatists no doubt occasioned the despatch of the following telegram:—'Otto Bismarck of Osterburg, King of the Marksmen, sends his shooter-sovereign (*schützenköniglichen*) greeting, on the present festival day, to his Excellency Prince Bismarck, as his countryman and namesake.' Great was the delight of the good people in Osterburg when the following reply arrived:—'I return my hearty thanks to my distinguished namesake, Herr Otto Bismarck of Osterburg, for his friendly compatriot salutation.'"

AT Cavan assizes last week, in the case of a young man named Fay, who was charged with the murder of his sweetheart, the jury, after some hours' deliberation, were unable to agree, and were discharged. An application to admit the prisoner to bail was refused by the judge.

THE *New York Times* of the 5th states that over 200 Mormon emigrants from Europe were landed from the steamer *Wyoming* on the 3rd, and were forwarded the next day westward. A case of small-pox appearing on a child before they landed, the steamer was detained in quarantine several hours, during which the health officer of the port insisted upon the vaccination of the adults who had not before been subjected to that experience. The emigrants looked healthy and well, and are the first of a batch of some thousands expected to join the Mormons in Utah.

MR. JAMES RYLANDS, for many years borough engineer and surveyor for Liverpool, died in that town on Friday night. He was a great practical authority on sanitary matters, and rendered important services to the British army in the Crimea.

A RUMOUR having found its way into some of the Scotch papers, to the effect that Mr. Laurance Oliphant had ceased to be a member of the community at Brocton, an extract from a letter of Mr. Oliphant's has been published by way of contradicting the report. The letter was written from Paris on the 15th of March in answer to an inquiry of a friend; and in it Mr. Oliphant says:—"I am very happy to be able to assure you that I have not separated myself from Brocton, that I never felt myself in more close and intimate union with it than now, and that I never, God helping me, will separate myself from it, no matter where the work in which I am engaged may take me, or whatever character its external form may assume. It is only as I am in harmony with the life there, and working for the same ends as those who are there, and in conjunction with them, that I should feel any satisfaction, I might almost say any possibility, in life."

A REMARKABLE instance of the daring of eagles when they are in danger of molestation is related by the *Elgin Courant*. While a nurseryman named Stuart was waiting to open the dams on the Spey that float down the timber from Abernethy, at the foot of Cairngorm, he was startled by the cry of a large eagle immediately above him. On looking up he observed an eyrie in a broken tree about forty feet high, and to satisfy his curiosity he began to ascend the tree. This was, however, rather a difficult job, the branches being decayed. The nearer he approached the nest, the nearer the eagles approached him, till at last one of them made a dart at him and fixed in his head. With some difficulty he got its claws out of his head with only a few scars, but leaving his hat in his talons. The bird then flew about with it for some time, and left it on the edge of the nest. Stuart, becoming alarmed, got down the tree as quickly as he could, fortunately for him, being unmolested by the eagles in his descent.

THE *Church Herald* reports at length a gathering of very High Churchmen on the occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone of the Church of St. Augustine, at Kilburn. Earl Beauchamp presided at the luncheon, and, in proposing the toast of "Church and Queen," took occasion to deprecate any attempt being made to separate the Church from the State. Every clergyman and layman, he said, should resist this to the uttermost, Not that he thought the Church alone would suffer from any such disunion; he believed the State would be the greater sufferer. Some people talked of the Church being the creature of the State. He believed that the State was very much the creature of the Church. He regretted that there were some Churchmen agitating for the disestablishment of the Church under the idea that they would then be free from the trammels of the State. But this, the noble earl pointed out, would not be the case. She might escape the Privy Council, perhaps (and he had nothing to say about that court) but it would only be to have all the Church's cases tried by the House of Lords. She would escape from one lay tribunal to another. This, he showed, was the case with the various Dissenting bodies. The State controlled the property of Dissenters, and settled their ecclesiastical disputes the same as it did those of the Church; and that would always be the case. In concluding, Earl Beauchamp urged upon all present, clerical as well as lay, and the ladies also, to use their influence, and to fight with all their might against any attempt being made to dissolve the union between the Church and the State of this realm of England.

MRS. and MR. HOWARD PAUL are to fill an engagement at the Strand Theatre, where they open next week with their bright and clever entertainment. They go to Italy shortly.

THE money stolen from the bank at Newton Stewart has been found in the locality traversed by Montgomery, after he left the bank on the day of the murder. The amount so recovered is £1,388. On the news of the finding of the money reaching Newton Stewart tar barrels were lighted, and the finders were chaired through the town. Montgomery has been sent to Omagh Gaol amidst the hootings of the people. His attorney has to be guarded by police to and from his hotel.

THE *Volkstadt* of Leipsic says the associations of workmen are treated in Austria with increasing severity. The Mutual Improvement Society in Vienna is threatened with dissolution. A lecture on the natural rights of man was lately forbidden by the Government commissioner. At Gratz the formation of a new Democratic workmen's association was forbidden as dangerous to the State. Andreas Lehen, the responsible editor of the *Volkswille*, was condemned to four months' imprisonment for an article on the subject of the Parisian Commune, the complaint preferred against him by the Government agency being "praising unlawful transactions." The accused in vain drew the attention of the court of justice to the fact that some journals appearing in Germany had expressed themselves still more energetically in favour of the Commune, and against the Versailles Government, without being prosecuted.

THE *Advertiser* "fears there is only too much truth in the rumour that the Chinese Government has resolved to abrogate all its treaties with the Western Powers, and that it is prepared to accept war, rather than maintain any longer the great commercial charter which was the hard-earned result of the last war in China. The Chinese Government, presuming on the embarrassed state of France, and assured of the pusillanimity of British arms, through its watchful 'special correspondent,' Chung How, coolly repudiates the Treaty of Tientsin, and would at a blow thrust back the Western Powers from the place they gained half a century ago as the pioneers of the Far East. It remains to be seen whether, if Ministers are disposed thus to gloss over the abrogation of all that their predecessors have acquired in China, the public, which has twenty millions per annum at stake in exports and wages only—to say nothing of higher considerations—will stand passively by and see England robbed of both her position and her prestige in the East. If so, there are at least two candidates anxious to assume the place abandoned by England."

MR. JOHN MADDEN has retired from the contest for the representation of Monaghan.

THE *Birmingham Gazette* says:—Mr. Henri de Simencourt, of the Spring Vale Works, has suspended payment. On Saturday possession was taken on behalf of a few of the principal creditors, and it was then ascertained that on the previous night some creditors had entered the premises, in company with two or three hundred men, and, by means of boats, carts, and waggons, removed property to the amount of nearly £3,000. The stock thus taken included tools belonging to the men, and articles which were part and parcel of the freehold. When possession was taken on Saturday there was not £20 worth of stock upon the ground. The clerks in the office made powerless attempts at resistance.

TWO of the mitrailleurs recently tried at Shoeburyness with a view to the adoption of the most suitable arm in the British service, have been deposited in the carriage store of the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, where they are exhibited to select visitors. One is a Montigny gun, such as is in use in the French army, the other being one of the larger Gatlings, the patent of an American firm.

THE *Daily Telegraph*, referring to the frequent collisions between the Germans and French, says:—"There is no guarantee of continued peace while such excesses are permitted. The French are bound, by considerations of ordinary prudence, to bear the yoke as quietly as they can; but on the Germans lies an equivalent obligation, to act with forbearance. Unless M. Thiers can manage to pay over another milliard of the indemnity money soon, and so get the unwelcome invaders out of the districts where the ferment has been greatest, the best thing he can do is to arrange a clear code of regulations with the occupying generals, defining the rights of each side and the remedies for individual wrong."

AN extraordinary incident (says the *Manchester Examiner*) occurred on the Manchester, South Junction, and Altrincham Railway, on Saturday afternoon. A carriage with two horses was standing in the grounds Mr. Sedgley, of Homefield, between Brooklands and Sale, when the animals were startled, and set off at a rapid pace towards the railway. They leaped a high hedge separating the line from the turnpike road, which is nearly on the same level, dragging the carriage after them. On reaching the line they swerved round in the direction of Manchester, and continued their journey, dashing through Sale station at a furious rate, and to the consternation of a number of persons awaiting the arrival of trains from opposite points. The officials at Stretford were communicated with by telegraph, and the animals were stopped just before reaching a train brought up in that station. The most singular part of the story is that neither the carriage nor the animals were injured, and a little boy who got into the vehicle just before the horses started also made the perilous journey unharmed.

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—Mr. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth at *about one-third the usual charges*. Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use Archer's improved Colloid, as advertised on page 316. This article is also invaluable for washing prints, muslins, and all coloured frocks or dresses for spring and summer wear. [361

FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley. [107

NOTICE.—At the conclusion of the Contracts for Illustrated Advertisements now in course of fulfilment, no other Block Advertisements will be published in this Journal.

MR. ESKELL, of 8, Grosvenor Street, the Author of "Pure Dentistry, and What it Does for Us," "Painless Tooth Extraction; or, Anæsthesia Locally Applied," "Dental Surgery; a Practical Treatise," "Modern Dentistry; its Principles and Practice," &c., may be CONSULTED DAILY, as hitherto, from ten to four o'clock, at his residence, 8, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square (a few doors from Bond-street).

N.B.—The above works may be obtained of SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, of all Booksellers; or of the Author, post free for 7 stamps each. [231

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DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best remedy for acidity of the stomach, heart-burn, headache, gout, and indigestion, and the best mild aperient for delicate constitutions, especially adapted for ladies, children, and infants. DINNEFORD & CO., 172, New Bond Street, London; and of all Chemists.

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Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c. [234

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1870.		1871.
£36,165 8 10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139 2 0
27,554 3 4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243 16 10
13,111 11 1	Losses	22,766 17 7
7,555 10 6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336 11 2
17,067 10 4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869 14 2
68,492 10 4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294 14 2

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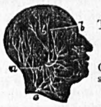

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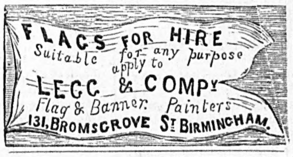

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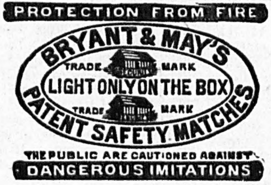

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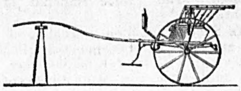

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The School Boards:—Official Record of the London Board; Meetings of Boards in London and the Provinces.

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